1: RECORDED TIME

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **CATHERINE HARVEY**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time traveller.

PERI: NICOLA BRYANT
Time traveller's companion.

HENRY VIII:
The King – (45) – a fun-loving, womanising megalomaniac.

ANNE BOLEYN:
The Queen – (30s) – a beautiful, clever and much maligned wife.

SCRIVENER:
The King's scribe – a kindly, over-worked and loyal retainer, who is old before his time.

MARJORIE:
A servant – an enthusiastic but relentless chatterbox.

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SCENE 1: INT. LIBRARY

(FX: PEN SCRAPES ON VELLUM.)

SCRIVENER:
(V/O) The King's enemies fell one by one. No adversary could resist his will. The world itself was in his grasp, to do with as he wished. But one was called across the void to stop the writing, the writing, the endless writing…

ANNE:
(CHANTING BESIDE) Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco. (REPEATS THROUGH:)

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING AS HE WRITES) 'Come to us, you who are yourself without Time. Oh, come to us and save us — Doctor!'

(FX: THEIR WORDS, JOINING WITH THE WINDS, SWELL TO A CRESCENDO)

(OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: EXT. RIVERBANK

(FX: RIVER ATMOS. TARDIS MATERIALISES. DOOR OPENS)

DOCTOR:
(EXITING) England! I wasn't expecting that. (FX: CLOSES DOOR)

PERI:
What year do you think it is?

DOCTOR:
That's the question. (SNIFFING AIR) Certainly smells like the Sixteenth Century.

PERI:
I think that could be the river. (RECOILING) Phew!

DOCTOR:
And that palace looks a recent conversion. Beautiful quarter-brick offsets in cross-bond with diaper patterning. (FX: CREAKING, OFF — A GATEHOUSE SLIDING ACROSS THE GROUND THROUGH:)

PERI:
I've no idea what you said but I'm guessing it means old.

DOCTOR:
If I were a betting man, Peri, I'd hazard 1536.

PERI:
Hold on, Doctor — did the gatehouse..? No.

DOCTOR:
Did the gatehouse what?

PERI:
Out of the corner of my eye, I thought I saw… No, it's nothing.

DOCTOR:
Really, Peri.

(FX: LOUDER CREAKING AND CRACKING OF STONE AS THE WHOLE PALACE SLIDES OVER GROUND. NOW WE HEAR A TUDOR FEAST IN PROGRESS, OFF: EATING, DRINKING, MERRIMENT, LUTE MUSIC)

PERI:
There — it happened again! The whole palace moved closer to us.

DOCTOR:
That is… strange. And look! A pathway has unfolded beneath our feet —

PERI:
(NOTICING PATH) Oh yeah!

DOCTOR:
… I think we can take that as an invitation to follow it, don't you?

(FX: HENRY'S BOOMING LAUGHTER FROM NEARBY GREAT HALL)

PERI:
Sounds like a party.

DOCTOR:
It does. (DECISIVELY) Come on!

PERI:
Wait! We can't just stroll into the middle of the Great Hall and say hello.

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) Absolutely. We'll have a much better view from the Minstrels' Gallery.

(FX: THEY WALK. CROSS TO:)

SCENE 3: INT. GREAT HALL/MINSTRELS' GALLERY

(FX: FEASTING ATMOS, LUTE MUSIC— AS IN PREVIOUS SCENE

HENRY:
(CALLS) More ale! This suckling pig brings on a mighty thirst. (TO ANNE, BESIDE) I fear, my Queen, that you are in the doldrums.

ANNE:
You are wrong, sire. I am as merry as a lamb.

(FX: CROSS TO DOCTOR AND PERI, IN GALLERY ABOVE:)

PERI:
That's Anne Boleyn, isn't it?

DOCTOR:
It is indeed. Second wife of Henry the Eighth.

PERI:
I did study British History at high school, you know.

HENRY:
(BELOW, LOUDLY) You are sullen, lady. Do not contradict your king.

(FX: MUSIC STOPS, MERRIMENT QUIETENS AS ARGUMENT ESCALATES)

ANNE:
(BELOW, LOUDLY) I am as you would have me.

PERI:
She's very beautiful.

DOCTOR:
One of the most beautiful women who ever lived.

HENRY:
(BELOW, LOUDLY) Who is your master, madam?

ANNE:
(BELOW, LOUDLY) Who is your current mistress, sir?

PERI:
And moody too.

DOCTOR:
To be fair, she did have a great many rivals to contend with.

PERI:
I can't think why, the way he tears his food with his fingers and wipes the grease across his sleeve. Ugh!

(FX: CROSS BACK DOWNSTAIRS:)

HENRY:
These bursts of the humours bore me, madam.

ANNE:
Because I do not laugh, and blink at all transgressions?

HENRY:
What? Shrewish?

ANNE:
While every tavern wench who serves your ale smiles and hopes she may one day be Queen?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO GALLERY:)

PERI:
She sure gives as good as she gets.

DOCTOR:
A firebrand. Look at those eyes, blazing.

HENRY:
(BELOW, LOUDLY) Perhaps some music will appease you. (CALLS UP) Minstrel! Ho! You up there!

PERI:
Maybe if we don't reply he won't notice us?

HENRY:
(CALLING FROM BELOW) You sir! Do you hear?

DOCTOR:
Too late for that, I'm afraid. (CALLS) Yes – your Majesty?

HENRY:
(BELOW, CALLING) More music!

DOCTOR:
(CALLING) I think the minstrels are… er…

PERI:
(CALLING) On a break?

DOCTOR:
(TO PERI) A break?!?

HENRY:
(BELOW, CALLING) Ah! Who is your fair companion?

PERI:
(CALLING) I'm Peri… your Highness.

HENRY:
(BELOW, CALLING) Come down to us, Peri, that we may see you more clearly.

PERI:
(ASIDE) What shall I do, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) I think you'd better do as he says.

HENRY:
(BOOMS) Come to us! Now!

(FX: CUT TO:)

4: INT. LIBRARY [FLASHBACK]

(FX: A QUICK ETHEREAL REPRISE FROM SCENE 1:)

ANNE:
(CHANTING BESIDE) 'Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco.' (REPEATS THROUGH:)

SCRIVENER:
'Come to us, you who are yourself without Time. Oh, come to us and save us — Doctor!'

SCENE 5: INT. GREAT HALL

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING WITH PERI) Good day, your Majesty.

HENRY:
Good day to you, fool!

DOCTOR:
A fool? No, your Majesty. Quite the contrary, in fact.

HENRY:
Then why do you wear motley?

DOCTOR:
Motley?

PERI:
(LAUGHS) I think he means your coat, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
I'll have you know, sire, that this will be the height of fashion in four hundred and fifty years' time!

(FX: RAUCOUS LAUGHTER FROM GUESTS)

HENRY:
(LAUGHS) Anne! You have excelled yourself in bringing me such entertainment.

ANNE:
But I did not…

DOCTOR:
(CUTTING OVER) King Henry. I, sir, am the Doctor – and may I take the opportunity to say what an honour it is to meet one of the greatest minds of the age?

HENRY:
You may. But tell me, "Doctor" –

DOCTOR:
Yes, your Majesty?

HENRY:
Do you know any good bottom jokes?

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry?

HENRY:
Jokes pertaining to the bottom.

PERI:
Oh, my!

HENRY:
(EYEING PERI) Your companion really is delightful! Is she part of your act?

DOCTOR:
You could say that.

HENRY:
(LAUGHS) What merry japes have you for me today?

DOCTOR:
I'm really not a…

HENRY:
(THREATENING) Do you cross me, fool?

PERI:
No, no, your Majesty. The Doctor and I — we're players. Strolling players.

HENRY:
Players?

PERI:
Yeah, you know, strolling along. You have plenty of jokes — don't you, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Apparently I do.

HENRY:
Then, pretty Peri — (FX: PATTING HIS LAP) — sit upon my lap, and we will watch this fool of yours perform.

PERI:
I'm not sure that would be appropriate.

ANNE:
(LAUGHS) It seems the only fool is you, Henry.

HENRY:
Silence! If you cannot enjoy your gift, pray do not poison it for me.

ANNE:
I told you, I did not…

DOCTOR:
(CUTTING OVER, QUOTING) “I come no more to make you laugh…”

HENRY:
How’s this?

DOCTOR:
“… Only they
That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
[…] or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat guarded with yellow,
Will be deceived; for, gentle hearers, know —“

PERI:
(WHISPERS) Doctor, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:
(WHISPERS) Shakespeare. *Henry the Eighth*, Peri. What could be more appropriate?

HENRY:
Why do you whisper? Is there offence in this?

DOCTOR:
No, no — I do but jest. No offence in the world,your Majesty.
“… think ye see
The very persons of our noble story
As they were living; think you see them great,
[…] then in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets misery —“

HENRY:
Enough! This is pure melancholy. Have you no earthy jokes?

DOCTOR:
Forgive me, your awesome presence has wiped the usual store of lavatorial humour from my mind.

ANNE:
(LAUGHS) Thank you — Doctor, did you say?

DOCTOR:
For what, my lady?

ANNE:
For making me laugh.

HENRY:
What’s this? Do you mock me, sir?

DOCTOR:
Not at all.

PERI:
He's joking – aren't you, Doctor?

HENRY:
Ah, lovely Peri! I think 'tis time to see you dance.

PERI:
Dance!

HENRY:
Dance, I say! I am the King. I will not be ignored!

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) I think you're going to have to dance, Peri.

HENRY:
Sing, too, a song of love.

PERI:
OK! OK! But I don't really know any…

HENRY:
(BOOMS) Sing!

PERI:
All right. (DECIDES) But don't cut my head off if you don't like it. Er… (BEGINS, EMBARRASSED, TO SING AND 'DANCE' 'GREENSLEEVES')
"Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.

DOCTOR:
(UNDER BREATH) Oh, dear!

PERI:
(SINGS) "For I have loved you well and long,
Delighting in your company." (BEAT, UNCERTAIN) How's that?

HENRY:
(RISING, CLAPPING) Splendid! Splendid!

(FX: SYCOPHANTIC APPLAUSE, DIES DOWN QUICKLY)

HENRY:
My dear, you sing as doth the lark herself. But I am unfamiliar with the tune. What minstrel wrote it?

PERI:
Actually, I thought you did.

HENRY:
(LAUGHS) Charming! Quite charming!

(FX: SYCOPHANTIC LAUGHTER)

ANNE:
The sort of charm cheap harlots provide.

PERI:
Hey…!

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry we offend your Majesty.

ANNE:
You do me no offence, sir.

HENRY:
If you're offended, Anne, then go. None here waits upon you for their pleasure.

ANNE:
I see that plain enough. For you, my husband, clearly seek your entertainment in another's eyes.

(FX: ANNE STORMS OUT)

HENRY:
I fear my Queen grows pettish.

PERI:
Don't sweat it, we all get a little grouchy sometimes.

HENRY:
(LAUGHS) You are enchanting. What better gift to soothe her choleric humour?

PERI:
I don't understand?

DOCTOR:
Oh, I think I do.

HENRY:
You'll make a comely lady in waiting.

PERI:
Hold on a minute…

DOCTOR:
That's not a very good idea.

HENRY:
You dare presume to school a mighty king!

DOCTOR:
Not at all, I was merely…

HENRY:
I am tired of your impertinence. Guards! Away with this Fool — to the stocks!

(FX: CHEER FROM GUESTS)

DOCTOR:
(GRABBED BY GUARDS) Your Majesty, I didn't…

HENRY:
Silence! Or I shall have you whipped. Take him away!

(FX: DOCTOR IS DRAGGED AWAY)

PERI:
(CALLING AFTER) Doctor!

HENRY:
And now, my dear, I think it time to fit you for the Queen's bedchamber.

PERI:
Oh, Lord!

SCENE 6: INT. LIBRARY

(FX: PEN)

SCRIVENER:
(V/O) The King's ambition grew out of all bounds. And, as his power increased, his palace flourished: buildings extended, gardens blossomed, towers rose towards the skies in apt reflection of his majesty.

(MUTTERS WHILE WRITING:) Meanwhile his Queen, an exile to his will, sat alone and awaited her fate…

(FX: CROSSFADE TO:)

SCENE 7: INT. QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER

(FX: KNOCK. DOOR OPENS)

ANNE:
What do you want?

PERI:
(CARRYING CLOTHING) The King says sorry.

ANNE:
And I suppose he sends you as a gift. (SIGHS) Come in. (FX: DOOR CLOSES. PERI APPROACHES THROUGH:) Where is your friend, the Doctor?

PERI:
In the stocks. I hope he'll be OK.

ANNE:
He's safe enough from Henry's wrath for now.

PERI:
The King said I'm to be your lady in waiting?

ANNE:
Did he.

PERI:
(FX: SETTING CLOTHES ON BED) Here – these clothes are for you.

ANNE:
I think you'll find they are for you.

PERI:
For me?

ANNE:
I recognise that look in Henry's eye, when a woman pleases it. And as I was once Queen Catherine's lady, now you are mine.

PERI:
Believe me, I don't want to be Queen!

ANNE:
Everything King Henry fixes on King Henry takes, no matter what the cost. It is written.

PERI:
"It is written?"

ANNE:
Be careful. He will wipe away all who stand in his path. Your husband included.

PERI:
My what?

ANNE:
The “Doctor”.

PERI:
You don’t understand…

ANNE:
Your lover?

PERI:
No, we’re just… friends. Travelling companions.

ANNE:
I wish you well with Henry then. Our marriage is a broken thing — I cannot put it right.

PERI:
May I make a suggestion, my Lady?

ANNE:
Please do.

PERI:
I think you shout too much.

ANNE:
I shout?

PERI:
And leaving a room without conflict resolution isn’t doing your relationship any good. I mean, do you storm out a lot?

ANNE:
Girl, you forget yourself!

PERI:
Look, I’m only trying to help.

ANNE:
Put on your borrowed costume, courtesan, and give the King exactly what he wants. We all do in the end. (FX: SHE STORMS OUT. DOOR SLAMS)

PERI:
I guess that answers my question.

SCENE 8: EXT. COURTYARD

(FX: SQUELCH – ROTTEN FRUIT HITTING DOCTOR/STOCKS)

HENRY:
(LAUGHS) Splendid! Now, let us see if I can hit your nose.

DOCTOR:
I'd really rather you didn't, if it's all the same to…

(FX: SQUELCH)

DOCTOR:
Agh! … you.

HENRY:
Nearly! (LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY)

DOCTOR:
For someone with a reputation for the greatness of his intellect you really are a philistine.

HENRY:
(YAWNS) The hour grows late. And you begin to bore me.

DOCTOR:
You'll forgive me if I'm not offended.

HENRY:
I bid you a good night in the stocks to contemplate what 'tis to cross a King in love. (FX: EXITS)

DOCTOR:
(TO SELF) In love! Ridiculous! (BEAT) Now… (EFFORT, TWISTING AND WRIGGLING) … how exactly does one get out of this device…?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM OFF – ANNE IN DISGUISE)

DOCTOR:
Back so soon? What have you armed yourself with now? (FX: FOOTSTEPS FREEZE) Cabbages? (WITH EFFORT) I can't turn my head, you know. (BEAT) Come out and face me like a man.

ANNE:
(DISGUISING VOICE) Hush. (FX: WHISPERINGS SWELL, AS SCENE 1) (CHANTING BESIDE) "Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco…"

DOCTOR:
What's that?

(FX: WIND AND WHISPERINGS PICK UP UNDER:)

ANNE:
(DISGUISING VOICE) “Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco…”

DOCTOR:
Who are you?

ANNE:
(DISGUISING VOICE, LOUDER) “Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco…”
(LOUDER STILL) “Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco…”

(FX: WOOD SPLINTERS)

DOCTOR:
(FLEETING PAIN) Aaah!

SCENE 9: INT. QUEEN'S BEDCHAMBER

(FX: KNOCK)

PERI:
Come [in.]

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

MARJORIE:
(AT DOOR) Good day to you, my Lady.

PERI:
I'm sorry – should I…?

MARJORIE:
(AS IF SHE SHOULD KNOW) I'm Marjorie.

PERI:
Right. (FEELS SHE SHOULD KNOW WHO THIS IS) Sorry, should I know you?

MARJORIE:
I'm to be your maid, Madam. Is there anything I can do for you, at all?

PERI:
Well, for openers I can't breathe in this dress. And I'm waiting to be taken to a rampant Tudor royal who wants… (SHUDDERS) Eugh! I don't even want to think about it.

MARJORIE:
Madam?

PERI:
I mean, no – thank you.

MARJORIE:
In that case, the King requests your presence in his private apartments.

PERI:
Yep – that's what I was afraid of.

SCENE 10: EXT. COURTYARD

(FX: WIND/VOICES SUBSIDING)

DOCTOR:
Oh! My head! (WINCES) My fingers!

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) Hush.

DOCTOR:
What made the stocks disintegrate like that?

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) What matter? You are free.

DOCTOR:
Yes — thank you. I still don't…

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) Hush, Doctor. I will tell your fortune.

DOCTOR:
Normally I'd have no time for that sort of thing… but since you appear to have assisted my release, it'd be churlish to refuse. Madam, forgive me -if you would lift your hood…?

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) Hush. Show me your hand. (SURVEYS HIS HAND) I see Time spread across your palm. Your lifeline is… (GASPS) These breaks are inexplicable.

DOCTOR:
I thought they might be.

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) You have… died before?

DOCTOR:
Not exactly.

(FX: WIND PICKS UP AGAIN)

DOCTOR:
That sound again.

ANNE:
(SOFTLY) "Rotcodsu evas, suo te moco…"

(FX: HER WHISPER PICKED UP AS IF BY THE WIND, REPEATS THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
What is it?

ANNE:
(DISGUISED VOICE) It is Time, my Lord. Follow the sound to the Tower. There, you will find the answers you seek.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS RETREATING)

DOCTOR:
Wait! (STANDING, CALLING AFTER HER) Wait! (TO SELF) Oh well. (SNIFFS) Eurgh, this coat smells ghastly…!

(FX: CROSSFADE FROM CONTINUED WHISPERINGS/WIND INTO:)

SCENE 10: INT. LIBRARY

(FX: WRITING)

SCRIVENER:
(V/O) As Henry watched his children dying one by one – the sons and daughters, born of Catherine and of Anne, the future kings and princes of his realm – he wanted more than anything an heir.

(SPOKEN WHILE WRITING) A healthy boy to carry on his blood and line…

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 11: INT. TOWER STAIRCASE

(FX: THE SCRIVENER'S WORDS CONTINUE IN THE DISTANCE)

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERED WHILE WRITING) [Now desperation swelled to anger, anger to more murderous thoughts. Amid the panic of his barrenness, he formed a plan to rid himself of she who cannot give him what he wants. The woman who had loved him, borne for him a little girl… and later still, another child, who withered all before their tear-dimmed eyes and faded into dark obscurity. A child who now lay buried cold under the earth, the ashes of his love for Anne, once a fire that burned so hot inside his heart.]

(FX: OVER THIS:)

MARJORIE:
(APPROACHING, CLIMBING STAIRS) […when the King sent me to you. And…] I'll be by your side at all times from now on, my Lady –

PERI:
(RESIGNEDLY) Great.

MARJORIE:
(CLIMBING STAIRS) … so anything you want – day or night, it doesn't matter – let me know. And any questions you might have about the ins and outs of the Palace – I won't call it gossip, because I'm not one for idle chatter, [but…]

PERI:
(STOPS) What's that noise?

MARJORIE:
(STOPPED) Noise, my Lady?

PERI:
Someone chanting, I think. Above us, at the top of the tower.

MARJORIE:
That's the records being kept.

PERI:
The records?

MARJORIE:
Yes. (BEAT) Here we are. The King's apartments.

PERI:
Shouldn't there be – I don't know, guards, or something?

MARJORIE:
(GIGGLES COYLY) The King's dismissed them so the two of you can be alone. (FX: OPENS DOOR) In here, Madam.

PERI:
(WALKING IN) Wow! Those are some candlesticks!

MARJORIE:
Take a full morning to clean them if you're to see your face reflected (BEAT) Make yourself comfortable, my Lady. The King won't be long.

PERI:
Er, right. Thank you… Marjorie.

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. FOOTSTEPS FADE)

PERI:
(TO SELF) The King's bedchamber, huh? (FX: PATS BED) Amazing bed! (BEAT) Actually, I'd rather not think about the amazing [bed.]

(FX: AN ETHEREAL WHISPER: "ROTCODSU EVAS, SUO TE MOCO…")

PERI:
(STARTS) Is someone there? (BEAT) Creepy.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING FROM STAIRS)

PERI:
Oh, here comes the biggest creep of all. (HEAVING HEAVY CANDLESTICK) Wonder if it counts as treason if I hit him with a candlestick?

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

PERI:
(WARCRY, SWINGING CANDLESTICK) Aaaaaaah!

DOCTOR:
Agh!

(FX: CANDLESTICK FALLING)

PERI:
Doctor!

DOCTOR:
Peri! I was going to ask you if you're all right, but now I'm more concerned if I'm all right.

PERI:
Sorry. I thought you were…

DOCTOR:
Obviously. You look lovely, by the way.

PERI:
Thanks.

DOCTOR:
Green suits you. Actually, more clothes suit you.

PERI:
Very funny. I'd laugh – if only I could breathe. It's no wonder the Queen's always in such a bad mood. (SNIFFS) Can you smell something?

DOCTOR:
That's probably my coat.

PERI:
Oh, yeah. (LAUGHS)

(FX: ETHEREAL WHISPER: "ROTCODSU EVAS, SUO TE MOCO…")

DOCTOR:
Ssh. (BEAT) That whispering again…!

PERI:
Maybe it's the records Marjorie mentioned.

DOCTOR:
What records? And who's 'Marjorie'?

PERI:
Come on! This way. (FX: THEY EXIT)

SCENE 13: INT. LIBRARY/STAIRCASE OUTSIDE

(FX: PAGES TURN. PEN)

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING WHILE WRITING) Wars were ended, enemies o'erthrown at his most glorious behest. [There was but one ambition to achieve to make him greater yet…]

(FX: CROSS TO BEHIND DOOR, ON STAIRCASE JUST OUTSIDE:)

PERI:
(RUSHING UP TO STOP) It's in here, Doctor!

DOCTOR:
(JUST BEHIND, HUFFING UPSTAIRS) Peri, wait! We can't just rush in willy-nilly.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING) But soon events took a much harsher turn. The King had fallen out of love with his fair Queen, and wished for change.

(FX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

PERI:
Hello?

SCRIVENER:
(PAUSES, SNIFFS, RESUMES MUTTERING/WRITING) But Anne Boleyn did not despair. She had a daughter…

DOCTOR:
(WALKING IN) Excuse me? Sir?

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING/WRITING) … a daughter… who would one day become the greatest Queen our land has known…

PERI:
What's he doing, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I think he's predicting the future.

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING/WRITING) And strangers travelled here through time from realms beyond the sky…

PERI:
Does he mean us?

DOCTOR:
I rather think he does.

SCRIVENER:
(BREAKS OFF WRITING; ADMONISHES SELF) Sorry, sorry… Lost my place. Must not… Must not lose my…

PERI:
He looks awful.

DOCTOR:
Writing is a serious business, Peri.

SCRIVENER:
(MUTTERING/WRITING) … 'through time from realms beyond the sky.' (FX: PEN DOWN) There! (SIGHS) It is written. (TO DOCTOR & PERI) Good day to you, most welcome guests.

DOCTOR:
Good day.

PERI:
Hi.

SCRIVENER:
I am glad to find you here at last.

DOCTOR:
Are you indeed? That's interesting.

SCRIVENER:
I trust your journey was a safe one?

DOCTOR:
Circumlocutory, but generally acceptable.

SCRIVENER:
Good. (LAUGHING) Otherwise my work would be in vain. And that would never do.

PERI:
What were you writing?

SCRIVENER:
History, my dear. I am the Scrivener.

PERI:
The Scrivener?

DOCTOR:
I see.

PERI:
I don't.

SCRIVENER:
I re-write History, my dear.

PERI:
But…

SCRIVENER:
Let me show you. Please – ask me for anything.

DOCTOR:
(CAUTIOUS) I really don't think…

SCRIVENER:
Perhaps… (WRITING) 'A fine… silk… scarf.' (FX: PEN DOWN) It is written.

(FX: QUICK BURST OF WIND, WHISPERS ECHOING HIS WORDS: SCARF APPEARS)

PERI:
Doctor, look!

DOCTOR:
Incredible.

SCRIVENER:
Alas the colour clashes with your garb! (WRITING) 'A fine silk scarf… of the greenest moss, from the deepest forest.'

(FX: WIND/WHISPERING ECHO HIS SPEECH)

PERI:
Doctor! It's changing colour!

SCRIVENER:
(TO DOCTOR) Maybe something for yourself, sir?

DOCTOR:
No, thank you.

SCRIVENER:
Oh, but I insist. (WRITING) 'A lady of beauty, and high birth… with hair as black as ebony…'

(FX: WIND/WHISPERS)

PERI:
Doctor, I don't like this.

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING) She will love you…

DOCTOR:
Stop.

SCRIVENER:
And die for you…

DOCTOR:
(STEPPING FORWARD) No!

(FX: PEN STOPS. BOOK CLOSES. SOUND ECHOES)

SCRIVENER:
Too late, Doctor. It is written.

(PAUSE)

DOCTOR:
I wish you hadn't done that.

SCRIVENER:
I'm afraid the pen takes on a life of its own sometimes.

PERI:
(REACHING OUT) It's beautiful.

SCRIVENER:
(SHRINKING BACK) I wouldn't touch if I were you, my dear.

PERI:
Is it… made of gold?

SCRIVENER:
No - the primary flight feathers of a bird now long extinct —

DOCTOR:
…The Temporal Phoenix! Of course!

PERI:
Oh, of *course*.

DOCTOR:
An immortal bird whose wings are said to beat the seconds of Time itself. This pen, Peri, is lost Philesian technology. They trapped the poor creature, making it fly forever in a time loop. (TO SCRIVENER) But I thought the Time Lords had destroyed all these devices. How did you come by it, 'Scrivener'?

SCRIVENER:
Legend tells it fell from a shooting star.

PERI:
A spacecraft?

DOCTOR:
Possibly.

SCRIVENER:
Prince Henry found it as a boy — and made my father write his princely brother dead, so that he could become King.

DOCTOR:
Truly, the pen is mightier than the sword…

SCRIVENER:
My father passed his burden on to me when he in turn was dead.

PERI:
Burden?

DOCTOR:
A burden indeed, Peri. If I'm right, the ink is made from Time drawn from the Scrivener.

SCRIVENER:
Each piece of Time I write takes Time from me, each death a piece of life. Now I am as you see me now - crabbed and o'erwracked with age. (SADLY) It is written.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS ON STAIRCASE OUTSIDE — ANNE'S)

PERI:
Someone's coming! It must be the King!

DOCTOR:
Oh, no — I'd forgotten about him!

(FX: DOOR OPENS)

ANNE:
Hush.

PERI:
Who are you?

DOCTOR:
(CROSSING TO ANNE) Ah, my hooded fortune-telling friend. Or should I say — (RAISING HER HOOD) my Lady?

PERI:
You?

ANNE:
We have no time to waste. The King is on his way. Today he plans to write himself immortal.

DOCTOR:
Immortal? But that would play havoc with…

SCRIVENER:
The pen has written your adventures in the past. It knows of you. That is why we called to you across the void.

ANNE:
I dictated, and the Scrivener wrote. Your name was whispered on the winds of Time: 'O come to us and save us, Doctor!'

DOCTOR:
I thought the TARDIS was unusually insistent.

(FX: FROM BELOW, HENRY CLIMBING STAIRS, SINGING)

HENRY:
(OFF, COMPOSING WORDS) 'Greensleeves… was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
[Greensleeves was my hmm hmm hmm]

PERI:
The King!

ANNE:
We are all dead if he discovers you. My lady Peri -

PERI:
What?

ANNE:
The King has taken a fancy to you, has he not?

PERI:
I suppose he… (REALISATION) Oh no. Put that thought right out of your mind!

SCENE 14: INT. STAIRCASE

HENRY:
(SINGING, COMPOSING) 'If you intend thus to disdain,
It does the more hmm-hmm, hmmm-hmmm…'

(FX: DOOR CLOSES ABOVE)

HENRY:
(CALLS) Who's there?

PERI:
(WALKING DOWNSTAIRS) Only me, your Majesty.

HENRY:
Ah! 'Tis my Lady Greensleeves.

PERI:
(LAUGHS NERVOUSLY) What? Oh, you mean the dress! I… see what you did there. Very good.

HENRY:
In the words of our song, I shall preserve your beauty for posterity.

PERI:
Gee, thanks.

HENRY:
(BEAT) But what are you doing all this way up in the Tower, my dear? (MENACING) Not trying to run away, I hope…?

SCENE 15: INT. LIBRARY

ANNE:
My husband wishes to be rid of me.

DOCTOR:
I can't imagine how anyone could ever wish such a thing.

ANNE:
The King wants a male heir. It is his burning goal.

DOCTOR:
Yes, I remember.

ANNE:
No-one wrote my little son dead, but the pen has not the power to bring him back.

DOCTOR:
Not even the Temporal Phoenix can do that.

ANNE:
Henry will have his immortality. Now he has fixed upon his future bride, my fate is sealed.

DOCTOR:
But — you have another child?

ANNE:
My daughter. Elizabeth.

DOCTOR:
One day, she'll be a great Queen.

DOCTOR:
(BEAT) Forgive me, you have the most extraordinary eyes I've ever seen.

ANNE:
(JOKING, EMBARRASSED) Not hair 'as black as ebony'?

DOCTOR:
(GASPS)

SCRIVENER:
So the minstrels sing.

DOCTOR:
Scrivener!

(FX: OFF, FROM STAIRCASE OUTSIDE:)

PERI:
(FOLLOWING HENRY) Your Highness – I think we need to take another look at these… lovely candlesticks.

HENRY:
(ENTERING) Nonsense. I want to show you something far more magnificent than silverware.

ANNE:
They are here!

SCRIVENER:
My Lady, you must hide. The Doctor, too.

DOCTOR:
(FX: FLAP OF HEAVY CURTAIN) Behind the curtain, your Majesty. Quick!

(FX: CURTAIN FLAPS SHUT AS DOOR BURSTS OPEN)

HENRY:
Behold, madam! My deepest secret!

PERI:
(ENTERING) Believe me, there's nothing you could show me that I haven't seen before –

SCRIVENER:
Good day to you, your Majesty.

PERI:
(FAUX-INNOCENT) Oh, right. Who's this?

HENRY:
This is my Scrivener. He rewrites History for me.

PERI:
History, huh?

HENRY:
Come – ask me for anything you wish.

PERI:
I'm fine, honestly…

HENRY:
A jewel, perhaps? Scrivener!

SCRIVENER:
Sire.

(FX: PEN)

HENRY:
A diamond, large as any thrush's egg.

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING) '… large as any thrush's egg.'

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, WIND/WHISPERING ECHO HIS SPEECH. CUT OFF SUDDENLY)

HENRY:
(WITH A FLOURISH) For you, my Lady.

PERI:
Wow. That's, uh… Very…

HENRY:
It is beautiful. And so are you. (DROPPING TO KNEES) Lady Peri — will you be my Queen?

PERI:
Henry, we've… only just met. Besides, you're already married!

HENRY:
Together we'll reign over everything — even Time itself. Scrivener — write!

SCRIVENER:
Of course, your Majesty.

(FX: PEN. SCRIVENER WRITING THROUGH:)

HENRY:
'On the fourth of May in the year 1536, the King of England conquered Time itself.'

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING) '… the King of England…' (FX: WIND/WHISPERING ECHOES OF HIS SPEECH. BREAKS OFF) Sire, please —

HENRY:
Write or you will die! (FX: WRITING RESUMES) 'For on this day Henry, the eighth to hold that name, became immortal.'

(FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY, WIND/WHISPERING ECHO HIS SPEECH)

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING) '… became… [im-]

(FX: CURTAINS WHIPPED ASIDE)

DOCTOR:
Scrivener, stop! I cannot allow this!

(FX: WRITING/WIND/WHISPERS CUT OFF)

HENRY:
Who's here? The Fool?

ANNE:
Henry, please…

HENRY:
Oh, not such a fool then as I thought! Adultery is treason, sir, when it is with my wife. Now, traitor Doctor, you will die.

PERI:
No!

ANNE:
(KNEELS) I beseech you…

HENRY:
See how your women beg. My wife is on her knees.

DOCTOR:
Rise, my lady. Do not debase yourself on my account.

HENRY:
You'd do better to plead for your own life, Madam. Scrivener, write!

SCRIVENER:
Sire.

HENRY:
(DICTATES) 'The Queen is an adulterer…'

SCRIVENER:
Sire, I have served you now these fifteen years. This ill becomes your greatness…

HENRY:
I am the King appointed by the hand of God and I will be obeyed.

ANNE:
Why do you do this thing, my lord? You know it is not true.

HENRY:
Write!

SCRIVENER:
My lady, I am sorry. (WRITING) 'The Queen… is an adulterer…'

DOCTOR:
(OVER HIS WORDS) Stop this at once!

ANNE:
Please, husband, for the love you bore me long ago…

HENRY:
(TO SCRIVENER) '… and a sorceress.' Write!

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING; BEAT) It is written.

HENRY:
In proof whereof, she… (LAUGHS) … she has an extra finger — making six in total — upon one hand.'

DOCTOR:
No more, please, for pity's sake!

SCRIVENER:
(WRITING) '… six in total…'

HENRY:
'The sure and certain signifier… of a witch.'

(FX: WRITING STOPS. 'WITCH' ECHOES)

PERI:
(NERVOUSLY) Is… is that a joke?

ANNE:
No joke at all. Look. (REFERING TO HER HAND)

PERI:
(GASPS)

HENRY:
(LAUGHS)

(FX: SCRIVENER RESUMES WRITING IN B/G. OVER THIS:)

DOCTOR:
Are you proud of yourself, sir?

HENRY:
Thus we fulfil the prophecy that a Queen of England shall one day burn.

PERI:
Tell me she's not burned alive.

DOCTOR:
The Scrivener's rewritten History. Anything could happen. (BEAT) In fact, he's still rewriting it…

HENRY:
(RUSHING OVER) What? You cur! I gave you no more dictation!

SCRIVENER:
(EXHAUSTED) It… is written.

(FX: BOOK CLOSES. SOUND ECHOES)

HENRY:
Show me.

SCRIVENER:
Majesty, the book is closed.

HENRY:
Give it to me.

(FX: PAGES TURN)

PERI:
(ASIDE) What's he done?

DOCTOR:
(ASIDE) I'm not sure.

HENRY:
How's this? (READING) 'A single clean blow from a French sword.' You have written her a better death than I intended.

ANNE:
It will be quick, at least. Thank you, Scrivener.

SCRIVENER:
My Lady, it was the best that I could think of.

PERI:
But that's barbaric!

HENRY:
Scrivener, for this treason you will die. The book is open. Write it — now!

SCRIVENER:
No, sire… I can write for you… no longer. (WITH RELIEF) It is my time. (DEATH RATTLE)

HENRY:
What's wrong with you? Write! Now!

(FX: BODY FLOPS TO FLOOR)

ANNE:
'Tis futile, Henry. He is dead.

PERI:
What?

DOCTOR:
Remember what the Scrivener said, Peri? My father passed his burden on to me when he in turn was dead. Jewels and palaces are one thing – but write a death, and part of the writer dies too. It was his time.

ANNE:
Do you see now, Doctor, why the pen called out for an immortal?

DOCTOR:
Yes…

HENRY:
Immortal? You?

ANNE:
I studied your lifeline, Doctor. You have died before, and lived.

DOCTOR:
That's not strictly…

HENRY:
Then, Doctor – you shall be my Scrivener now!

PERI:
Doctor, you can't – (GRABBED BY HENRY) – aaah!

HENRY:
Take up the pen, Doctor. Take it up, or I shall twist the lady Peri's pretty head right off her shoulders!

PERI:
(GASPING) Whatever happened to 'preserving my beauty for all posterity'?

DOCTOR:
Let her go, your Majesty. What would you have me write?

HENRY:
As I dictated: ‘On this day Henry, the eighth to hold that name, became immortal.’

(FX: DOCTOR BEGINS WRITING. WIND RISES. WHISPERS)

PERI:
Doctor, you can’t!

HENRY:
Now I shall have the power that I deserve – the power of life and death over mankind. And I shall rule the World!

(FX: DOCTOR STOPS WRITING. CUT WIND/WHISPERS)

DOCTOR:
(UNDER BREATH) It is written.

HENRY:
Thank you.

PERI:
(RELEASED, GASPING) Doctor, you didn’t –

DOCTOR:
No. I didn’t.

HENRY:
(RUSHES OVER) Treacherous dog, what have you inscribed-?

DOCTOR:
The destruction of the pen of the Phoenix, whose power should never have fallen into your hands.

(FX: WITH A WHOMPF, THE PEN BURSTS INTO FLAME)

HENRY:
The pen! No!

PERI
It’s on fire!

DOCTOR:
The Phoenix is returning to the flame - but this one will not be reborn.

HENRY:
No!

(FX: SOUND CUTS OFF. ECHO)

DOCTOR:
Too late, Henry. It is written.

HENRY:
(ROARS) I'll have you hanged, drawn and quartered for this. (CALLING) Guards! Guards-!!! Where are my g—

(FX: WHAM! PERI SMACKS HIM ON THE HEAD WITH THE BOOK. HE FLOPS TO FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS)

PERI:
I think you sent them all away so we could be alone.

DOCTOR:
Well, there's one use for a history book. He's out cold. Well done, Peri.

ANNE:
He will recover. And when he does, his wrath will be terrible. Both of you must go. Now, before he wakes!

PERI:
We can't just leave you here, to — to…

ANNE:
You must. (BEAT) Doctor, you told me: one day, my daughter will be a great Queen.

DOCTOR:
The greatest who has ever lived.

ANNE:
That is enough. If you should meet her, as you travel on through Time, tell her… Tell her I was not the scarlet woman History chronicled.

DOCTOR:
I will. (BEAT) Goodbye, my Lady.

(FX: DOCTOR AND PERI EXIT. FADE)

18: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: FADE UP. TARDIS IN FLIGHT)

PERI:
Poor Anne.

DOCTOR:
(FX: SETTING COURSE — BUTTONS ETC) You know, the day after he executed her, Henry announced his engagement to Jane Seymour.

PERI:
So it was all an excuse?

DOCTOR:
Yes.

PERI:
There was no adultery?

DOCTOR:
No.

PERI:
Or witchcraft. (PAUSE) It goes to show you can't believe everything you read in the History books. (PAUSE; LOUDER) I said, you can't believe everything [you read…]

DOCTOR:
No.

PERI:
Are you OK?

DOCTOR:
(PENSIVE) I'm really not so sure.

PERI:
You couldn't have saved her no matter what you did. I mean… it was…

DOCTOR:
I know, Peri. (SADLY) It was written.

(FX: TARDIS VWORPS AWAY)

THE END

2: PARADOXICIDE

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **RICHARD DINNICK**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time traveller.

PERI/SENDOSAN COMPUTER: NICOLA BRYANT
Time traveller's companion.

CENTURIA:
F. The leader of a Volscine (Vol-SHEEN) mission. Ruthless, efficient, but with a laconic sense of humour.

INQUISA:
(IN-QUEEZ-AH) F. If the Volsci had a Spanish Inquisition, the Inquisa would be at its head. Bred to torture other species using telepathy, the Inquisa loves her job…

BAROND:
(BAH-ROND) M. Early 40s, well spoken. The Sendosa prime minister.

ALSO: VOLSCI 1, 2 & 3; SHIP (softly spoken, girlish, almost eerie voice of the Volscine vessel).

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
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EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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SCENE 1: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: B/G HUM. THE DOCTOR FIDDLING WITH CONTROLS, TRYING TO TUNE A RADIO SIGNAL. HIGH-PITCHED WHISTLE AS HE NARROWS THE BAND.)

DOCTOR:
(CAREFULLY TUNING) Er… um… ah… just a bit more… (TRIUMPHANT) There, that's got it…!

(FX: DOOR OPENS, OFF)

PERI:
(ENTERING) What's with the racket, Doctor?

DOCTOR
(DISTRACTED) No, thank you, Peri. —

(FX: THE SIGNAL STABILISES. A VOICE BEGINNING TO BE HEARD, ALBEIT DISTORTED AND FRAGMENTARY. DIALOGUE CONTINUES OVER:)

RECORDING OF PERI:
(FROM SCENE 9 — SEE LATER)

PERI:
"No, thank you?"

DOCTOR
(STILL DISTRACTED) Didn't you say something about a game of tennis?

PERI:
Er… No.

DOCTOR:
Then why the need for a racket? -

PERI:
(NOT AMUSED) Oh, very funny.

DOCTOR:
(NOT A CLUE) Mm?

(FX: STATIC DIES AWAY.)

PERI:
At last.

DOCTOR:
Static filters on… (FX: BLIP) … noise compression on… (FX: BLIP) And… play.

RECORDING OF PERI:
(FROM SCENE 9, STATIC CUTTING IN AND OUT) … record a message… We are… the Sendosa… come to find an Armoury of super weapons… we… escape from the plague… It is… Just… Good luck… record a message… We are… the Sendosa… come to find an Armoury of super weapons… we… escape from the plague… It is… Just… Good luck!

PERI:
(QUIETLY, SCARED) But that… that's *my* voice.

DOCTOR
(EQUALLY CONCERNED) I know. What I don't know is *why* it's being broadcast from the legendary lost planet of Sendos.

PERI:
Or *how?*

DOCTOR:
Indeed. I think we'd better find out, don't you?

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 2: EXT. CITY OF SENDOS

(FX: WIND MOANS THROUGH THE LONG-BROKEN WINDOWS AND DOORS OF A RUINED CITY. OCCASIONALLY METAL GIRDERS EXPOSED BY THE COLLAPSE OF CONCRETE FACADES ARE MOVED BY STRONG GUSTS, ADDING ANOTHER, MORE MUSICAL — YET MORE EERIE — SOUND.)

(FX: TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS. DOCTOR EXITS ONTO RUBBLE)

PERI:
(FOLLOWING DOCTOR OUT) (GAS MASK DISTORT) So why is it we have to wear gas masks, exactly?

(FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR)

DOCTOR:
(GAS MASK DISTORT) You heard the recording, Peri. The inhabitants of Sendos were wiped out by a plague.

(FX: DOCTOR ACTIVATES SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE. WHIRRING.)

PERI:
(D) Didn't you check the TARDIS instruments before dragging me out here?

DOCTOR:
(D) I tried… but there was some form of interference. The only way to be sure was to take an atmosphere reading in person.

PERI:
(D) Not sure these mouldy old masks'd do us much good, anyway.

DOCTOR:
(D) Mouldy? They're in mint condition.

PERI:
(D) Where'd you get them from-?

DOCTOR:
(D) The Second Battle of Ypres. 1915. — (FX: ATMOSPHERE DEVICE PINGS.) All done!

PERI:
(D) And? Is it safe?

DOCTOR:
(D) Yes. It seems the contagion has long since dissipated.

(FX: THEY PULL OFF THEIR GAS MASKS.)

PERI:
Phew. That's a relief. That thing was beginning to make me feel claustrophobic.

DOCTOR:
I'd keep the masks with us, all the same. You never know.

PERI:
So this is Sendos, huh?

DOCTOR:
It's been dead for millennia. Just lonely structures now.

PERI:
And my voice, apparently.

DOCTOR:
Mystery upon mystery. Come on! Up here!

(FX: THEY SCRAMBLE UP A PILE OF MASONRY AND STONE, REQUIRING SOME 'VOCAL' EFFORT. HIGHER GROUND. A LITTLE BREEZE.)

PERI:
(A LITTLE OUT OF BREATH) It looks like… Ancient Rome. A bit. Classical? Neoclassical?

DOCTOR:
"Ultra-classical" rather than "Neoclassical", I'd say. Such craftsmanship!

PERI:
So what do you know about Sendos?

DOCTOR:
It's the planetary equivalent of the *Mary Celeste*, I suppose. A developed world, with a flourishing civilisation. (BEAT) Then one day – POOF!

(FX: CROSS TO:)

SCENE 3: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – BRIDGE

(FX: COMPUTER HUM IN B/G, INTERRUPTED EVERY FEW MOMENTS BY A STACCATO BURST INDICATING NEW INFORMATION ARRIVING.)

DOCTOR:
(DISTORT, OVER SCANNER, CRACKLE OF INTERFERENCE) … Every last Sendosa disappeared, as if in a puff of smoke.

(FX: A DOOR SLIDES OPEN, OFF)

CENTURIA:
(ENTERING) Report.

VOLSCI 1:
We are tracking two humanoids down on the planet surface, Centuria. I will enlarge the image.

CENTURIA:
I know. Clarify the image.

(FX: THE VOLSCI ADJUSTS CONTROLS TO SHOW THE CENTURIA THE DOCTOR AND PERI IN CLEARER DETAIL.)

PERI:
(D) Leaving only these ruins, I suppose?

DOCTOR:
(D) The ruins, yes. But more to the point, their Armoury.

PERI:
(D) What Armoury?

DOCTOR:
(D) A legendary stash of super-weapons. The sort of thing that hardened space adventurers whisper about in cantinas, and other low places.

PERI:
(D) But no-one's ever found this Armoury, I suppose?

DOCTOR:
(D) Oh, they've found it all right. The problem is, no-one's ever been able to open it.

CENTURIA:
Send two Volsci to capture these intruders and have them taken to the Inquisa. If they know of the Armoury, they may know something useful.

VOLSCI 1:
Yes, Ma'am.

SCENE 4: EXT. CITY OF SENDOS

PERI:
So, some of the Sendosians…

DOCTOR:
Sendosa. (PRONOUNCED: "SEN-DOZE-AH")

PERI:
… Sendosa… escaped? And the others were killed by a plague?

DOCTOR:
In essence.

PERI:
What's so mysterious about that? There was a terrible disease. Some fled. Those that couldn't, stayed and died. Horrible, but not a mystery, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Ah, but where did they flee to? You see, the Sendosa had no access to spaceflight. They couldn't leave.

PERI:
So they had time to build this fabled Armoury?

DOCTOR:
Perhaps they converted an existing building. Perhaps it was built before the plague. I simply don't know. The Armoury is a legend. A myth. And it's hidden somewhere in the ruins of this city. Supposedly.

PERI:
Hidden?

DOCTOR:
Camouflaged. Discreet. Inconspicuous.

PERI:
Still doesn't answer why we picked up a transmission of my voice coming from this planet.

DOCTOR:
(IGNORING HER) It is said to house some of the most powerful weapons ever built. Well, you heard the message.

PERI:
I guess. (BEAT) You'd think that if they could build super weapons, they'd be able to fly a space shuttle or something. It doesn't make sense.

(FX: A SOUND LIKE RUSHING WIND TINGED WITH AN ELECTRONIC BUZZ AS THE VOLSCI BEAM IN, RIGHT NEXT TO THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:
Hello! Where did you two spring from?

VOLSCI 3:
They appear to be unarmed.

DOCTOR:
Indeed, madam. All I have with me is my rapier wit.

VOLSCI 2:
Restrain the male.

(FX: THE OTHER VOLSCI GRABS THE DOCTOR.)

DOCTOR:
(GASPS, GRABBED IN HEADLOCK)

PERI:
Hey, leave him alone!

VOLSCI 2:
Males are proven to be more aggressive than females.

DOCTOR:
(GASPING) I take it, you‘re the exception that proves the rule?

VOLSCI 3:
Females are more practical than males.

DOCTOR:
Touché. Ugh.

VOLSCI 2:
Take them to the Inquisa.

(FX: ALL MOVE OFF, ACROSS RUBBLE. FADE)

SCENE 5: EXT. ARMOURY

(FX: THE INQUISA IS EXAMINING THE ARMOURY BUILDING WITH A SCANNER. IT MAKES A SONAR LIKE SOUND.)

INQUISA:
(INTO COMMS) There is a crystalline structure on the far side of the building. (FX: SHUTS OFF SCANNER) Scan reveals it is not an opening, but attached to the wall.

CENTURIA:
(D) Interesting. A locking mechanism?

INQUISA:
Possibly.

CENTURIA:
(D) But what could be the key?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS OF DOCTOR, PERI AND THE VOLSCI APPROACH FROM OFF.)

DOCTOR:
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Ah, now this must be it! The Armoury of Sendos!

PERI:
What? That ugly, concrete thing?

INQUISA:
Centuria, the humanoid captives have arrived.

CENTURIA:
(D) Interrogate them, Inquisa. I want to hear what they have to say for themselves.

VOLSCI 2:
(STOPPED) We have brought the prisoners, Inquisa.

INQUISA:
(TO DOCTOR) So I see. You know of this building, prisoners?

DOCTOR:
We've heard of it.

INQUISA:
If you have only heard of it, how do you know this is the correct building?

DOCTOR:
Because you ladies are gathered round it like wasps around a jammy jam jar. (BEAT) This is Sendos. The most important building is the Armoury. Ergo, you have a problem.

PERI:
Problem?

DOCTOR:
Why else would we be alive, Peri? The Volsci are nothing if not practical.

INQUISA:
You know of us?

DOCTOR:
A little. (BEAT) I note that you're not refuting the fact that you have a problem-?

INQUISA:
We are nothing if not practical.

DOCTOR:
So I gather.

PERI:
The building – the Armoury – it's… it's shimmering.

INQUISA:
Some form of shielding technology. It seems to be linked to a crystalline structure on the building's outer wall.

DOCTOR:
And there's no door?

INQUISA:
Correct.

DOCTOR:
Oh dear. That is sad. (TURNING TO LEAVE) Well, sorry, I wish I could help, but—

(FX: A HIGH-PITCHED ELECTRONIC SHRIEK, CONTINUYING THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
(GASPS – MENTAL AGONY)

PERI:
(TO INQUISA) What are you doing to him?!? Stop it!

VOLSCI 2:
The Inquisa's crown contains a mind probe. It is highly practical.

PERI:
Practical? She's hurting him! Doctor!

(FX: THE SOUND CUTS OFF. DOCTOR FALLS TO HIS KNEES, BREATHING HARD.)

DOCTOR:
Argh…

PERI:
Doctor? Are you all right?

DOCTOR:
Just about.

INQUISA:
Calm yourself, female. You disgrace your gender!

PERI:
Actually, I think *you're* doing that!

(FX: VOLSCI COMMUNICATION DEVICE.)

CENTURIA
(D) What does your mind analysis reveal, Inquisa?

INQUISA:
(D) One of the prisoners is a member of a race known as Time Lords. The method of entry to the Armoury is not in his mind. However, he has a time ship hidden nearby.

CENTURIA:
(D) Can we use this vehicle?

INQUISA:
It is apparently useless without its pilot's biological presence.

CENTURIA:
(D) Bring the prisoners and their ship aboard the Kyal Yomofu ("KY-AL YO-MOW-FOO"). I have an alternative strategy in mind.

SCENE 6: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – CORRIDOR

(FX: THE DOCTOR AND PERI ARE BEING MARCHED DOWN A METALLIC CORRIDOR, ACCOMPANIED BY 2 x VOLSCI AND THE INQUISA)

VOLSCI:
Keep moving!

DOCTOR:
Wouldn't dream of doing anything else! So this is the Kyal Yomofu. How… utilitarian. (WHISPERING) Did you notice that the Armoury differed from the other buildings?

PERI:
(WHISPERING) Yeah. It looked like it had been built in a hurry.

DOCTOR:
(WHISPERING) I thought so too.

PERI:
(WHISPERING) The other buildings were elegant – "Ultra-Classical", remember? The Armoury was more like a concrete bunker than a coliseum!

DOCTOR:
(WHISPERING) Very good, Peri. And exactly right.

INQUISA:
Halt!

(FX: ALL STOP. BLIP. DOOR SLIDES OPEN, AS IN SCENE 2)

INQUISA:
Guards, remain here. You two – proceed.

PERI:
Thanks.

DOCTOR:
You're too kind.

(FX: DOCTOR, PERI & INQUISA WALK THROUGH INTO:)

SCENE 7: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – BRIDGE [CONTINUOUS]

CENTURIA:
(SWIVELLING IN CHAIR) Ah. The Time Lord.

DOCTOR:
(WALKING TO STOP) Just "a" Time Lord, actually. Do try to use the proper article.

INQUISA:
He has adopted the title of "Doctor", Centuria.

CENTURIA:
A Doctor…

PERI:
The Doctor.

DOCTOR:
There you are, you see? Peri has mastered it.

CENTURIA:
(IGNORING THIS) We have his time ship?

INQUISA:
Yes, Centuria. It has been taken to the engine chamber.

DOCTOR:
Why?

CENTURIA:
We will link your time ship to our own craft, Doctor. You will then pilot the conjoined vessels back in time to a point before the Armoury was built. Thus we will be able to acquire the weaponry without the need to enter the Armoury.

DOCTOR:
Very neat. But what makes you think that's even possible? And even if it were, are you sure I'll comply? I mean, I'm a very accommodating sort of chap, but [when it comes to…]

INQUISA:
Mind analysis revealed he is susceptible to threats against his companion.

CENTURIA:
So, you will do as I say, Doctor, or the female will die.

PERI:
Oh great.

CENTURIA:
We can then force the Sendosa to hand over their weapons.

DOCTOR:
(RELUCTANT) It would seem… (SIGHS) you leave me little choice.

PERI:
(SOTTO) Sorry, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Not your fault, Peri.

CENTURIA:
Ship, prepare to embed alien technology into navigational systems.

SHIP:
Confirmed.

DOCTOR:
Voice control? How impressive.

CENTURIA:
It will not respond to your voice, Doctor, so forget any plans of hijack.

DOCTOR:
No, no. (OSTENTATIOUSLY) I assumed it would only work for the "su-Peri-or" female vocal range. (NUDGING PERI IN RIBS) Isn't that right, Peri?

PERI:
Ow! Right. Right…

CENTURIA:
Ship, prepare to transport myself, the Inquisa and the Doctor directly to the engine chamber.

SHIP:
Confirmed.

DOCTOR:
Internal teleportation? It's not that big a ship, why can't we just walk?

CENTURIA:
It is practical. (CALLING OFF) Guards!

(FX: DOOR OPENS. FOOTSTEPS IN.)

VOLSCI 2 & 3:
(OFF) Yes, Centuria.

CENTURIA:
The female will be detained here. You will destroy her, if the Doctor's behaviour causes me to deem it necessary.

VOLSCI 2 & 3:
(OFF) Yes, Centuria.

CENTURIA:
Ship, teleport… now.

(FX: 3 x TELEPORT EFFECTS, AS BEFORE. BEAT)

PERI:
So it's just us, then? All girls together? (BEAT) Well, are we just going to stare at each other or… are you allowed to talk to me?

VOLSCI 2:
Reason and dialogue are proof of higher evolution.

PERI:
Does that mean "yes"?

VOLSCI 3:
It does.

PERI:
Why?

VOLSCI 3:
You are female. All females are valid.

PERI:
Really? 'Valid'? Mmm…

VOLSCI 2:
Males are reactionary, females are analytical.

PERI:
Well then, analyse this: ***Ship***! Transport these two guards to the planet's surface!

SHIP:
Confirmed.

VOLSCI 3:
Ship, ignore— [that request]

PERI:
This instruction cannot be countermanded!

(FX: 2 x GUARDS TELEPORT OUT)

PERI:
I am woman, hear me roar. Ship — return the Doctor here.

SHIP:
The male. Confirmed.

PERI:
Just him, mind! No-one else!

(FX: 1 x TELEPORT)

DOCTOR:
(BEAMING IN, BOUNDING FORWARD) Oh, well done, Peri! You picked up on my little hint, then-?

PERI:
"Su-Peri-or" female voice? *Little?*

DOCTOR:
Interesting that they're so convinced of their feminine superiority that it never occurred to them that a male and a female could work so well together.

PERI:
Are you trying to say we make a great team?

DOCTOR:
Naturally! Now, quickly! Tell the computer to block any further [transports —]

PERI:
OK, Ship—

(FX: 2 x TELEPORTS.)

CENTURIA:
I don't think so, Doctor. Ship, remove the female Peri's voice—

PERI:
No, wait— !

(FX: BURST OF ELECTRONIC SHRIEKING, AS BEFORE)

PERI:
(GASPS)

INQUISA:
Silence, girl!

DOCTOR:
Leave her alone!!!

INQUISA:
You dare to command me?

DOCTOR:
All right, I'm sorry, but that's enough!

(FX: END SHRIEKING)

PERI:
(GASPING, RECOVERING)

DOCTOR:
(VERY CONCERNED) Peri… are you all right?

PERI:
(WEAKENED) I… I am now, yeah, but… that was… really *horrible*.

CENTURIA:
Ship – retrieve the guards from wherever the girl dispatched them. Then return us all to the engine chamber.

SHIP:
Confirmed.

(MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL, TIME PASSES. GRIM.)

SCENE 8: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – ENGINE CHAMBER

(FX: THE ENGINES DRONE IN THE BACKGROUND. BEEPS AS THE DOCTOR WORKS ON A PANEL.)

DOCTOR:
(MUTTERING TO HIMSELF AS HE WORKS) Power flow transmission seems constant now. Control circuits connected. Hmm…

PERI:
(SOTTO) Doctor… are you really going to do this?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) I don't see what choice we have.

PERI:
(SOTTO) But we can't just give them what they want. And anyway, aren't there rules against this kind of fooling around with time?

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) More than I could easily quote just now, but–

PERI:
(SOTTO) Then we have to find a–

(FX: MENTAL SHRIEK)

PERI:
Aaaaaaargh! (CONTINUES, UNDER)

INQUISA:
No more talking! Doctor, you are procrastinating!

DOCTOR:
No, I am not! Release Peri now! If you don't, I'll sever all the power connections! (ANGRY) Stop it! Now!

(FX: SHRIEKING STOPS)

PERI:
(COLLAPSING, EXHAUSTED)

DOCTOR:
Peri… ? (TO INQUISA) I've agreed to your demands! This barbarity is unacceptable. Call yourselves superior?

CENTURIA:
Doctor! Have you identified a time period suitable to our needs – before the Armoury was built?

DOCTOR:
(SULLEN) Yes.

CENTURIA:
Then operate the temporal link. Take us there. Or the Inquisa will cause more suffering to your friend.

DOCTOR:
(GRIM) Very well.

(FX: MORE BEEPS AS THE DOCTOR OPERATES THE TEMPORAL LINK. THE TARDIS ENGINES SOUND, DISTORTED.)

INQUISA:
(OVER THE DIN) Is it working?

CENTURIA:
(OVER THE DIN) Well, Doctor?

(FX: TARDIS ENGINES CRESCENDO THEN SUDDENLY CUT OUT.)

PERI:
It's worked, then.

DOCTOR:
Yes. We've arrived. We're still in orbit, but we've moved into the past.

CENTURIA:
Ship, scan the planet.

SHIP:
The planet has a communication network suitable for interruption. It also possesses shielding technology similar to that identified on the Armoury.

CENTURIA:
Broadcast the following message to the Sendosa government.

(PAUSE AS SHE PREPARES HERSELF.)

We of the Volscine Imperia greet the government of Sendos. We know that you have plans to construct weapons of incredible destructive capability. We ask that you share those plans with us. We do not seek to overthrow or destroy you. We only seek to gain your knowledge. Once we have achieved this, we will then depart. You should reply immediately or face the consequences.

DOCTOR:
Not what you'd called a *veiled* threat, was it? And what if they reject your proposal?

CENTURIA:
Why should they?

DOCTOR:
They might not agree with your definition of practicality.

SHIP:
No response.

PERI:
What? You can't mean—

CENTURIA:
Ship, energize and focus particle bombardment batteries.

(FX: A HUM OF POWER BEGINS TO RISE.)

DOCTOR:
(TAKEN ABACK) Be reasonable, it's only been a few seconds.

PERI:
You haven't given them any time to answer you!

CENTURIA:
Commence particle bombardment.

PERI:
No!

(FX: THE SHIP RUMBLES AS THE VOLSCINE PARTICLE WEAPONS OPEN FIRE.)

SHIP:
The particle weapons are being deflected by an energy shield.

DOCTOR:
What a pity for you.

CENTURIA:
Damage is not necessary at this point.

PERI:
At this point?

SHIP:
Incoming transmission from the planet surface.

BAROND (RADIO FILTER):
This is Drar Barond. I am Prime Minister of the Sendosa sphere. I greet the representative of the Volscine Imperia and offer our hospitality. (BEAT) I assure you of our peaceful nature. We neither mean you harm nor have the ability to inflict it. We… we are not… not a perfect race… but we do not possess any weaponry that might be deemed to have "incredible destructive capability". You are mistaken in your belief about these… these plans you think we have made. I would, however, be delighted for a delegation of our government — (to meet with any representation of the Volscine Imperia…)

CENTURIA (OVER THE TOP OF LAST):
Do you think I don't recognise stalling tactics when I hear them? This is a sham. A performance.

BAROND: (RADIO FILTER)
No… no, I assure you—

CENTURIA:
Unless you produce the plans for your weapons, we will be forced to increase the level of our attack and penetrate your energy shield.

BAROND (RADIO FILTER):
Please… We… we do have weapons… projectile weapons, but they are by no means comparable — (to the weapons you)

CENTURIA:
Ship, curtail communication.

(FX: A SLIGHT BUZZ AS COMMS ARE CUT.)

DOCTOR:
He sounded sincere to me.

CENTURIA:
If that is the case, then why does their city possess a shield capable of deflecting energy weapons?

PERI:
Perhaps because they're more concerned with protecting their people than destroying others?

INQUISA:
(TO CENTURIA) Increasing the energy levels of our attack may prove time consuming and costly, Centuria. There is, however… (WITH SOME PLEASURE) another solution.

CENTURIA:
Ah yes… Ship, prepare the "Abdima Device". (AB-DEE-MAR)

DOCTOR:
“Abdima”?

PERI:
I don’t like the sound of that.

DOCTOR:
What is it?

CENTURIA:
Let us say that this will both overcome the issue of penetrating their shields and give us the upper hand in one manoeuvre.

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Hold on, Peri.

SHIP:
Now preparing Abdima device.

DOCTOR:
(WITH EFFORT AS HE WRENCHES CONTROLS) I’m sorry. I cannot allow that.

(FX: THE TARDIS ENGINES ENGAGE. THE VOLSCINE SHIP VIBRATES ALARMINGLY.)

INQUISA:
(FALLING OVER) Aargh! What have you done, Doctor!?!

(FX: AN ALARM SOUNDS URGENTLY. THE CHARACTERS HAVE TO SHOUT OVER THE TOP OF THIS.)

CENTURIA:
(OUTRAGED, DEFIANT) Ship! Launch the device!

PERI:
No, you can’t!

(FX: ABDIMA DEVICE LAUNCHING, LIKE A TORPEDO SOUND)

SHIP:
Abdima device launched.

DOCTOR:
Whatever you unleash, it will do you no good. I have induced a dimensional mis-phase in your engines. (BEAT) This ship is going to crash, Centuria!

(FX: THE WHINE OF THE SHIP’S ENGINES INTENSIFIES.)

SHIP:
Emergency landing imminent.

CENTURIA:
Fire all landing rockets immediately!

SHIP:
Landing rockets firing.

(FX: BLAST OF ROCKETS, MUFFLED BY HULL. THE WHINE OF THE ENGINE DECREASES.)

DOCTOR:
(EDIT OVER SHIP AND CENTURIA'S PRECEDING LINES. CLOSE AND INTENSE) Peri! Listen to me!

PERI:
(CLOSE AND INTENSE) Shouldn't we just get in the TARDIS and go?

DOCTOR:
(A REALIZATION MOMENT) Of course!

PERI:
'Of course' what?

DOCTOR:
Listen! This ship is going to crash now… It's just going to be a bumpy landing.

PERI:
So?

DOCTOR:
So I have a plan! And this is your moment in history, Peri.

PERI:
My moment… ?

DOCTOR:
Yes… I've worked out what the Abdima device is. So, this is what you've got to do!

(CUT TO EXTERIOR AS THE SHIP CRASH-LANDS IN ALMIGHTY EXPLOSION. WHEN ALL THE RETRO-FIRING ETC IS OVER, WE HEAR THE CREAKING OF THE HULL SETTLING.)

SCENE 9: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – BRIDGE

(FX: THE CONTROL ROOM DOOR HISSES OPEN. THE ALARM IS STILL GOING OFF.)

PERI:
(ENTERING) Ship?

(PAUSE)

Ship! Come on, you must be able to hear me!

(FX: UNCERTAIN BURBLE.)

SHIP:
(VOICE WINDS UP) The Kyal Yomofu has crashed on Sendos.

PERI:
Yeah… I know, and the crew are in the engine room. Listen, I know my voice is no longer in the command database, but—

SHIP:
Your voice was not removed. The command to remove your voice was not completed. You are female, you are valid.

PERI:
Oh… okay. But I don't want to give you a command, I want to give you a warning.

SHIP:
A warning?

PERI:
For the people of Sendos.

SHIP:
I do not understand.

PERI:
You can broadcast it – like you did just now for the Centuria.

SHIP:
Broadcast.

PERI:
Yes. Please! Record and Broadcast this message (BEAT) Um… Ok… I've been asked to record a message to help you. We are prisoners of the alien race attacking the Sendosa. They have come to find an Armoury of super weapons. We need you to escape from the plague using this ship. The ship is voice activated. Just tell it what to do and it should do as you say. Good Luck!

SHIP:
It is done.

PERI:
Good. Oh… and actually… er… I do have some commands!

SHIP:
Please go ahead.

PERI:
From now on, you will accept voice commands from males as well as females.

SHIP:
Confirmed.

PERI:
And… is there a main door on the ship’s hull? You know, to let people in?

SHIP:
There is.

PERI:
Okay, well… open it, please. And that order cannot be countermanded by anyone, okay?

SHIP:
Confirmed.

SCENE 10: INT. VOLSCINE SHIP – ENGINE CHAMBER

(FX: MUTED SOUND OF MAIN DOOR OPENING IN AN ADJOINING CHAMBER.)

INQUISA:
The main door is opening!

CENTURIA:
But the Abdima device will have activated it!

INQUISA:
This is your doing, Doctor!

(FX: HER MENTAL PAIN BEAM)

DOCTOR:
(IN PAIN) Argh! Please! Stop! Listen… to… me!

CENTURIA:
Release him.

(FX: THE INQUISA'S MENTAL ASSAULT STOPS.)

What do you have to say?

DOCTOR:
(BREATHLESS) The Kyal Yomofu will need time to re-configure her engines. If you need to leave right away–

CENTURIA:
We must leave now!!!

DOCTOR:
All right, then you'll have to go in the TARDIS.

INQUISA:
It is small. Will there be room for ten Volsci plus you?

DOCTOR:
(STILL RECOVERING) It has hidden depths. (BEAT) And you are forgetting Peri.

INQUISA:
But we cannot leave this time period until we have secured the weapons.

CENTURIA:
It is not safe for us to stay here now! Not now the Abdima device is activated!

DOCTOR:
(INTERRUPTING) Oh, don't worry, I think I've worked out how you can open the Armoury back in the future.

CENTURIA:
What? Tell us!

DOCTOR:
Not until we have all returned to our proper time and place. I cannot conscience any more temporal meddling.

CENTURIA:
(CONSIDERING) Very well. Ship! Find the female. Transport her and all Volsci here at once.

SHIP:
Confirmed.

(FX: THE VOLSCI TRANSPORTER BEAMS IN PERI AND THE VOLSCI TROOPS.)

DOCTOR:
Is everything all right, Peri?

PERI:
I think it will be…

CENTURIA:
You will use your time ship to pilot the Volscine forces to safety. You will not deviate or we will—

DOCTOR:
Yes, all right, all right! No need for any more of your tiresome threats. Into the TARDIS, everyone. Now!

SCENE 11: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM

(FX: B/G HUM. A DOZEN VOLSCI ARE MILLING ABOUT. THE DOCTOR IS AT THE CONTROLS.)

DOCTOR:
(DISTRACTED BY HIS PILOTING OF THE SHIP) No one is to leave the console room! I don't want Bolshie Volsci in the skirting board, thank you!

PERI:
(CLOSE, WHISPERING, URGENT) What's your plan now?

DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) It was you who opened the doors?

PERI:
(CLOSE) Yeah, turns out my voice hadn't been erased from the ship's database after all.

DOCTOR:
(CLOSE) Well done. And you sent the message?

PERI:
(CLOSE) I hope I got it right.

DOCTOR:
Oh, I'm sure you did.

(FX: TARDIS BUTTON)

Anything like this… ?

VOICE (RADIO FILTER):
… record a message… We are… the Sendosa… come to find an Armoury of super weapons… we… escape from the plague… It is… Just… Good luck…

PERI:
Yes! It's a broken version of my message!

CENTURIA:
This recording. The female. The voice pattern is identical.

DOCTOR:
So it would seem…

INQUISA:
What does this mean?

DOCTOR:
Er… Shall we find out?

SCENE 12: EXT. ARMOURY

(FX: THE TARDIS MATERIALISES AND THE DOOR OPENS. OUT STEP THE DOCTOR AND PERI FOLOWED BY THE VOLSCI. THE TROOPS ARE CARRYING SUPPLIES, HEAVY WEAPONS, ETC.)

DOCTOR:
There we are. Landed right inside the force-field.

CENTURIA:
You will tell us your theory now.

DOCTOR:
I believe that the crystal formation on the wall, there, is a locking mechanism.

INQUISA:
I surmised that. But what is the key?

DOCTOR:
I see you're carrying some heavy weaponry.

CENTURIA:
We have two particle cannon.

DOCTOR:
Good. Then you simply set one of them up and fire it at the crystal.

INQUISA:
That will destroy the lock! Is this another of your tricks, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
I don't believe so.

INQUISA:
I could take the truth from your mind.

DOCTOR:
You know I know that. So why would I lie?

CENTURIA:
Very well. Set up the cannon!

VOLSCI 1:
Yes, Ma'am.

(FX: THERE IS THE MECHANICAL SOUND OF A LARGE WEAPON BEING SET UP AND PREPPED FOR FIRING.)

CENTURIA:
Fire when ready.

(FX: THE PARTICLE CANNON FIRES. NOTHING.)

CENTURIA:
Nothing. It hasn't worked!

INQUISA:
(ANGRILY) I will dissolve your mind…

DOCTOR:
Patience! The Armoury has not been opened for a very long time.

(FX: SURE ENOUGH, THERE IS A GRINDING AS THE WALL SEPEATES IN TWO, REVEALING A GAP.)

(CONTINUED) There! You see? Just large enough for us to enter single file. (SETTING OFF) Shall we? Come along, Peri!

INQUISA:
We should kill them both.

DOCTOR:
(CALLING OVER HIS SHOULDER) You'll need a guide. There could be traps. Danger. I've mastered the Dark Tower of the Death Zone on Gallifrey! Solved the riddles posed by the Cybermen's Tomb on Telos! Survived the city of the Exxilons! You couldn't find a better scout than I!

CENTURIA:
(WITH DISDAIN) Cyber-*men!* (BEAT, THEN HARD) You and your companion will go first. We will follow with the squad. Any deviation… Any artifice… We will kill you immediately. Is that clear?

DOCTOR:
(STILL SOME DISTANCE AWAY) As the crystal of this opening mechanism! (BEAT) However, it looks quite obscure in there! Do we have any torches?

CENTURIA (TO VOLSCI):
Bring the glow-tubes. And monitor this building. If there is weaponry there may be defence mechanisms – as the Doctor says.

SCENE 13: INT. ARMOURY – PASSAGEWAY

(FX: FOOTSTEPS OF THE GROUP SCUFF AND ECHO. SUDDENLY, THE SOUND OF A PAVING STONE GRINDING AND A HISS OF AIR.)

DOCTOR:
Oh dear.

CENTURIA:
What?

DOCTOR:
Someone's trodden on a hidden pressure pad.

INQUISA:
A trap!

DOCTOR:
Let's see, shall we?

(FX: A BUZZING SOUND AS AN ADDRESS SYSTEM COMES TO LIFE AFTER MILLENNIA. IT IS VERY LIKE PERI'S VOICE, BUT A BIT DISJOINTED.)

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
This is the Armoury of Sendos. Welcome, traveller.

CENTURIA:
What is this?

PERI:
My voice. Again.

DOCTOR:
Sounds like they sampled and recreated it.

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
For countless ages the Sendosa civilisation developed without contact from the rest of the galaxy. Then, suddenly, death came from the skies. This is the story of our legacy to the universe. (BEAT) You must travel to the heart of the Armoury to complete your destiny.

(FX: THE AUDIO TRACK CRACKLES AS IT FIZZLES TO A STOP.)

PERI:
Bit like a creepy theme park experience.

DOCTOR:
Creepy and distinctly dangerous, I imagine.

CENTURIA:
Lead on, Doctor.

INQUISA:
And the girl. If there is any danger, they will face it first.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS CONTINUE)

PERI:
(SOTTO) Doctor… the Sendosa built the Armoury because their race died from a terrible plague that came from space.

DOCTOR:
(SOTTO) Yes, Peri. Ring any bells?

PERI:
(SOTTO) You mean… The weapon the Volsci used!

(FX: THE VOLSCI MONITORING DEVICE STARTS TO TICK.)

CENTURIA:
Has it detected something?

VOLSCI:
There is a power source at the centre of the structure.

CENTURIA:
The power source must be for the weapons.

DOCTOR (INTERRUPTING):
Think for a moment, Centuria. You wanted to get off this planet the moment the main door of the *Kyal Yomofu* opened. Is that because the Abdima device was a biological weapon?

CENTURIA:
The Abdima device releases an airborne contagion that attacks the nervous system of all mammalian life forms. The spread of the disease is swift.

PERI:
(AGHAST) So it was you. You killed the Sendosa.

DOCTOR:
Just to satisfy your lust for a greater collection of bigger and better weaponry!

CENTURIA:
(DETERMINED) And now we shall claim that weaponry, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
And is that all that matters to you?

(HE IS CUT OFF BY A THIRD HISS.)

(FX: A CRACKLE OF THE AUDIO AGAIN.)

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
Unbidden and unexpected, aliens arrived on our world making demands that the Sendosa could not answer.

PERI (APPALLED AS HER FEARS ARE CONFIRMED)
We did this.

DOCTOR:
No, Peri. The Volsci did this. They used us.

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
The aliens then unleashed a terrible pestilence. Destruction seemed inevitable. Even as the peoples of Sendos died in their millions, they undertook the great labour of building this Armoury.

(FX: SOUNDS OF CONSTRUCTION. MACHINERY, DRILLING, PEOPLE CALLING TO ONE ANOTHER, ETC.)

The Plague took mere weeks for it to consume those it afflicted. But the sick were united in this cause. By the time the construction was completed, all but a handful were dead. (BEAT) Aliens had brought about the annihilation of our civilisation.

(FX: THE AUDIO TRACK CRACKLES TO A STOP ONCE MORE. THEY ALL CONTINUE DOWN THE PASSAGE.)

DOCTOR:
Don’t you see, Centuria? You have created a temporal paradox of unfathomable depth. Why not show some true wisdom and leave now. I could take you home and—

CENTURIA:
Silence.

VOLSCI 2:
Centuria. The power source is very close. It is… familiar.

(FX: A FOURTH HISS FOLLOWED BY A CRACKLE.)

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
Salvation came from the most miraculous of sources. A voice was heard summoning those that could to a space craft.

PERI:
That was me.

DOCTOR:
Your voice must have seemed like the voice of a saviour.

INQUISA:
So the Sendosa built the Armoury to house their weapons because we gave them the idea.

DOCTOR:
More than that… The question is why did they beam your message out into space as a beacon?

CENURIA:
The message tells of the Armoury. It is a challenge.

DOCTOR:
Is it? Think about it for just a moment.

(FX: THEY STOP WALKING.)

VOLSCI 1:
The power source lies on the other side of these doors.

CENTURIA:
At last.

INQUISA:
The weapons are within our grasp.

DOCTOR:
Don't open those doors! Please! Wait! Think! What opened the Armoury?

CENTURIA
A gun.

DOCTOR:
A Volscine gun. The locking mechanism was tuned to the Volsci's weapons' signature.

PERI:
So the Sendosa recorded the Volscine weapons' signature and used that as the key to the Armoury.

DOCTOR:
Precisely. Only the Volsci would be able to open the Armoury.

INQUISA:
Stop your chattering. Centuria, shall I kill them now?

CENTURIA:
(IMPATIENT) Open the doors!

(FX: TWO VOLSCI OPEN THE HEAVY DOORS. THE VOLSCI SCANNER FINALLY HAS A CLEAR READING OF THE POWER SOURCE.)

VOLCSI 1:
The energy patterns! They are Volscine!

CENTURIA:
How is that possible?

PERI:
What's that in the middle of the room?

INQUISA:
(FEARFUL) It is… No… an Abdima Device!

DOCTOR:
You had more than one of those things on board?

CENTURIA:
Of course.

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
You brought about the destruction of the Sendosa. You have been summoned here to answer for your crimes.

DOCTOR:
Wait! Not all of us are Volsci. My companion and I are not guilty!

SENDOSA COMPUTER (FILTER):
The device will destroy you in the same way you destroyed the peoples of Sendos. (BEAT) Justice is served.

(FX: THE POWERFUL HISS OF DEADLY GAS ESCAPING FROM THE DEVICE.)

CENTURIA:
Retreat!

DOCTOR:
Peri! The gas masks!

(FX: THEY QUICKLY PUT THEIR GAS MASKS ON AS ALL 10 OF THE VOLSCI START BREATHING ERRATICALLY.)

INQUISA:
(GASPING FOR BREATH, COUGHING) I … can't breathe…

PERI (GAS MASK):
Let's get out of here!

(FX: THE VOLSCI GASP AND COLLAPSE.)

CENTURIA:
(AS SHE CRUMPLES TO THE FLOOR) You… knew… this would happen….

DOCTOR (GAS MASK):
I'm sorry. I did try to warn you… but you wouldn't listen.

(FX: THE RUMBLE OF THE GREAT DOORS CLOSING.)

PERI (GAS MASK):
The doors are closing!

DOCTOR (GAS MASK):
Ruuuuun!

(FX: THEY RUN. A FINAL, ECHOING THUMP AS THE GREAT DOORS CLOSE.)

SCENE 14: EXT. ARMOURY

(FX: OUTER DOORS SEAL ONCE MORE. SHIELD FIZZLES BACK INTO PLACE. THE DOCTOR AND PERI BREATHING HARD THROUGH GAS MASKS.)

PERI (GAS MASK):
That was horrible.

DOCTOR (GAS MASK):
Yes. It was. Even if the Volsci did attack the Sendosa without provocation.

PERI (GAS MASK):
Two wrongs don't make a right.

DOCTOR (GAS MASK):
Well, quite. (FX: BRINGS OUT HIS ATMOSPHERE DETECTOR. IT WHIRRS THEN PINGS.) It appears the plague gas was contained within the Armoury.

(FX: THEY PEEL OFF THEIR GAS MASKS.)

PERI:
So the Sendosa built the Armoury as a trap for the Volsci.

DOCTOR:
Yes. They knew what the Volsci came here for, so they made sure they gave it to them. Fatally.

PERI:
But some Sendosa must have escaped in the Volsci ship.

DOCTOR:
It would seem so… beaming your message out into space to create the myth of the armoury.

PERI:
So… even though the Volsci forced us to create a time paradox which almost wiped the Sendosa out… We were kind of responsible for saving the Sendosa too.

DOCTOR:
And you and your message played a vitally important part in that.

PERI:
(PLEASED) You think so?

DOCTOR:
Oh yes, Peri. I'd say you were im-Peri-tive!

CRASH IN CLOSING THEME

3: A MOST EXCELLENT MATCH

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **MATT FITTON**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time traveller.

PERI: NICOLA BRYANT
Time traveller's companion. [NB: uses an English accent up to Scene 17, her regular accent thereafter.]

TILLY/T.L.I.:
(F, late teens) Excitable 'sister' of Peri/… and calm computer voice of the datacore.

MINDSMITH (as DARCY/D'URBERVILLE/HEATHCLIFF):
(M, 30s-40s) Alien. Same voice with accent changes to adopt the guises of DARCY (dry, laconic upper-class), D'URBERVILLE (smooth, sardonic upper-class) and HEATHCLIFF (broad Yorkshire & menacing).

CRANTON:
(M, 50s) Ex-soldier, now dodgy entrepreneur.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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1: NARRATION

PERI:
(USING ENGLISH ACCENT) It is a truth universally acknowledged that a single girl in possession of a mind of her own, must be in want of a husband. The universe, however, fails to agree on the proper course of action should she be presented with more than one.
This was to be the challenge confronting the eldest daughter of Longbourn House. An eligible young lady by the name of —

CUT TO:

2: EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY

DOCTOR
(REHEARSING TO HIMSELF) Peri. Miss Brown. I wonder, might I be so bold — (BREAKS OFF) No, no, no. Too… effete.

(FX: HORSES' HOOVES ON GRAVEL APPROACHING FROM OFF THROUGH:)

DOCTOR
(CLEARS THROAT, TRIES AGAIN) You know I hold the greatest esteem — um, affection — for your person. And I wonder if you would do me the great service — no, honour — of granting me your hand… in marriage. (BEAT) Yes, that should do it.

(FX: HOOVES TO HALT BESIDE)

MINDSMITH/DARCY
(ON HORSE) Doctor Smith, I presume?

DOCTOR
Ah, Mr Fitzwilliam Darcy!

MINDSMITH/DARCY
But please, do not let me interrupt your rehearsals. Continue.

DOCTOR
For your amusement?

MINDSMITH/DARCY
I am not one to be easily amused. Though I admit to finding distractions in unfamiliar quarters of late.

DOCTOR
Oh, yes? And which particular distraction brings you to Longbourn Manor today?

3: EXT. TERRACE OF COUNTRY HOUSE

TILLY
(CALLING OFF, INTO HOUSE) Peri! Peri! The gentlemen are on the drive. They're almost here!

PERI
(FX: HURRYING FORWARD FROM INSIDE HOUSE) ('COSTUME-DRAMA' AMERICAN ACCENT) There you are, Tilly! Come in from the terrace – they'll see you staring.

TILLY
Mr Darcy has a handsome steed, does he not? And he is extremely tall.

PERI
As befits one of his social standing.

TILLY
Ten thousand pounds a year, I do believe.

PERI
Should that affect our opinion of him? I confess, such a sum would not go amiss. (FX: PRODUCING LETTER) Tilly – I didn't tell you. After the ball, he left me a letter.

TILLY
(GASPS) Dearest sister! How could you keep this from me? (SNATCHING LETTER) Let me see! (FX: OPENING LETTER) Given his abominable behaviour, I can only assume it contains an apology. (READING) 'Twelfth of October 1811' – the day of Lady Catherine's visit! 'Be not alarmed, Miss Brown, on receiving this letter…' (BEAT) Oh my. (BEAT) Oh *my…!*

PERI
He seemed to me insufferably pompous, it's true. But these words cast him in a different light. And yes, he is extremely tall.

TILLY
But… but… We have all mistaken him horribly! Can it be? Do you think he has… intentions?

PERI
That is a possibility…

TILLY
Doctor Smith is here again, too. He called just this morning, while you were in the village. He was most eager to find you. I wonder… could he also have a special interest?

PERI
Well, I can't imagine why that should be.

TILLY
Oh, but few young ladies can claim such experiences as you, Peri. Orphaned, rescued by Mamma from the colonies, touring all those far-flung places –

PERI
(INTERRUPTING) Tilly! Your imagination runs away! Mamma is unwell. It's not unusual for a doctor to call. Now, let us go and receive our guests in the drawing room. (LEADING TILLY INDOORS) Mamma has civilised me well enough to know the proper form when entertaining gentlemen…

(FX: DOOR CLOSING)

4: EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY

MINDSMITH/DARCY
You attend Mrs Brown, I assume. I understand the widow will soon be reunited with her husband. I have hopes for a union of my own with the family.

DOCTOR
(GENUINELY ARROGANT) Have you indeed? I have heard Miss Peri holds you in high regard. But can such a lowly family be a suitable match for one of your lofty status?

MINDSMITH/DARCY
As I say, Doctor, Miss Brown has fostered unfamiliar feelings in me.

DOCTOR
Please. Don't let me keep you. I have a mission of my own. We shall see whom fortune favours.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
Indeed we shall, Doctor. Ha!

(FX: STIRRUPS RATTLE AND WHINNY AS MINDSMITH RIDES ON)

DOCTOR
What an unconscionably arrogant fellow. Can't imagine what everyone sees in him. (FX: STARTS WALKING) Come along Doctor, faint hearts never won fair lady…

5: INT. DRAWING ROOM

(FX: CHINA CLINKING)

TILLY
Thank you, Mrs Hill. That will be all.

MRS HILL
Ma'am. (CURTSEYS & EXITS)

PERI
So, Mr Darcy. Are you well?

MINDSMITH/DARCY
Quite well, Miss Brown, and Miss Brown.

(BEAT)

TILLY
Mr Darcy, please don't think us unsociable, but we are expecting another caller.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
Yes. Doctor Smith. I passed him on the drive.

TILLY
I shall greet him. Besides, you and Peri may have matters you would rather discuss in private. (TILLY GIGGLES AND EXITS)

MINDSMITH/DARCY
Your sister is amused by my presence?

PERI
Last she saw, I refused your hand at the Netherfield ball. But you refused mine first. Both amused and bemused, I'd say.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
I fear my pride belies my true inclination. It seems there is none with whom I would rather dance than the one who refuses my hand.

PERI
In that, I suspect we are kindred spirits.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
You have seen my letter.

PERI
It appears we have misjudged you. I, more than most. (BEAT) Did you have something to ask me, Mr Darcy?

MINDSMITH/DARCY
A woman of such perspicacity would no doubt be aware of my question already.

(FX: URGENT KNOCKING ON DOOR)

PERI
And a man of such certainty would be aware of my answer. Which can only be —

(FX: DOOR BURSTS OPEN: TILLY & THE DOCTOR ENTER)

TILLY
Peri, I'm sorry, but Doctor Smith was most insistent.

DOCTOR
Please forgive the interruption, Miss Brown. I have an obligation that cannot wait.

PERI
Doctor Smith?

DOCTOR
(VERY MATTER-OF-FACT) Miss Brown. Despite all appearance to the contrary, I have always had the highest regard for your… erm… spirit. And many other qualities… which are not unattractive. I am here to request your hand. In marriage.

PERI
Doctor Smith! I did not realise you had… intentions. I'm flattered by your interest, but I cannot accept.

DOCTOR
Oh, I know it's usual practice to reject the first application, but to save time —

MINDSMITH/DARCY
The lady has given her answer, sir.

DOCTOR
Miss Brown and I have an acquaintance a long time in the forging, Mr Darcy. In circumstances beyond your imagining.

PERI
Please, this is impossible!

DOCTOR
But Peri. It's me!

PERI
Yes, Doctor Smith. But Mr Darcy has already proposed. And I have accepted.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
Ha!

DOCTOR
But…

MINDSMITH/DARCY
(ESCORTING DOCTOR TO THE DOOR) Doctor, please, do not humiliate yourself further.

DOCTOR
What? But…

MINDSMITH/DARCY
I am sure Longbourn can spare a horse for your journey home. Goodbye, sir.

(FX: DOOR CLOSING ON THE DOCTOR)

TILLY
Well. I cannot wait to tell Mamma the news!

PERI
Poor Doctor Smith.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
A curious fellow. Strange that I don't recall making his acquaintance before… I'm sure he will recover.

PERI
You're right. He is known for his composure.

6: EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY

DOCTOR
Well, that was an abject failure. A ridiculous idea. (LOUDER) I said – it was a ridiculous idea. Can you hear me, Cranton? (FX: BEEPING) Cranton? Is this thing on?

CRANTON
(VIA COMLINK – OFF-MIC, IN CONVERSATION WITH CUSTOMER) Sorry Madam, the Austen Experience is temporarily unavailable. If you'd care to leave a deposit, I can make sure you're at the head of the queue just as soon as we… Madam? Madam!

DOCTOR
Cranton! If you can leave your profiteering for a moment… Are you listening to me?

CRANTON
(D) Doctor! How'd you get on?

DOCTOR
Well, we've tried it your way, and failed.

CRANTON
(D) You were the one who wanted to go barging in after her. I just suggested it'd be worth playing along to try and ease her mind out gently.

DOCTOR
Well, it wasn't. Peri is totally immersed in the fiction. Didn't recognise me at all. Typical Peri, she wanders off on her own and ends up falling for the sales patter of some sideshow huckster shilling the rubes with highly suspect technology!

CRANTON
(D) Hold up, Doctor. I'm hardly small-scale.

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

7: INT. CRANTON'S BOOTH [CONTINUOUS]

(FX: HUMMING MACHINERY; CROWD NOISES FROM OFF)

CRANTON
This the 2351 Galaxy Fair. It's not like anyone can roll up and grab a pitch. Cost me a pretty penny to be here.

DOCTOR
(VIA COMLINK) Well, you're charging more than a pretty penny for your services. (DISDAINFULLY) The Austen Experience. Believe me, Jane would not approve. Your brochure says 'other nineteenth century novelists are available.' What else have you got in here?

CRANTON
Eliot, Thackeray… a Brontë or two. Bit depressing, mind. Don't get much call for it. Austen's far and away the favourite. Ironic really. The idle rich spending their leisure credits to play at being the idle rich.

DOCTOR
(D) Well, it's not exactly faithful to the book.

CRANTON
Scenarios are based on characters, events and my ladies' own… proclivities. To be honest, most of 'em just want to flirt with Mr D.

DOCTOR
(D) And you're absolutely certain nothing like this has happened before?

CRANTON
Absolutely. Your young lady's completely out for the count. Practically comatose. A few gents have offered me a tidy sum to keep their missus under. Deliberate, like.

DOCTOR
(D) Which you refused, I hope?

CRANTON
Of course. I mean, eventually. One fella wanted me to hang on to his old lady for the rest of her natural. I says no way. No more than a couple of weeks. A month tops. Maybe two. What do you take me for?

DOCTOR
(D) Do you really want me to answer that?

(FX: CROSS BACK TO:)

8: EXT. GRAVEL DRIVEWAY [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR
(INTO COMLINK) No, there's something else going on here. I need to access the processor.

CRANTON
(D) Hold your 'orses. This is highly specialised technical stuff. I can't let any old punter mess around with it.

DOCTOR
You should know by now, Cranton, I am far from being 'any old punter'. I can tell you that this psychic-landscape is maintained by a trans-neural damping field with psycho-neutrino stabilisers. Which means there must be an A.I. processing and feeding back the data. And I need access to it. Now.

CRANTON
(D) OK, OK. You want the Trans-neural Logical Interface. In its native format. Hang on a mo, I'll sort it for you.

(FX: BEEPS VIA COMLINK)

DOCTOR
Just hurry it up, would you?

(FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT AS TILLY APPEARS BEHIND DOCTOR)

TILLY
Doctor Smith. I am so sorry for your disappointment.

DOCTOR
(TURNING) Now where did you spring from? Thank you for your concern, Miss Tilly, but I am rather busy at the moment.

CRANTON
(D) Yeah, you should be able to see it now-? The T.L.I.-?

DOCTOR
Tilly. Of course. Take my arm, m'dear. (FX: AS THEY WALK OFF:) Though little may be done to lighten my spirits, young lady, you may well enlighten my mind…

(FX: FADE)

9: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

PERI
(FX: CLOSING DOOR) (TO HERSELF) What a day! Still — 'Perpugilliam Darcy'. I like the sound of that.

(FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT AS MINDSMITH APPEARS)

MINDSMITH/DARCY
As do I, my dear.

PERI
(GASPS) Mr Darcy! In my bedchamber! I'd never have thought you so bold.

MINDSMITH/DARCY
A passion such as mine, once stirred, is hard to ignore. Please forgive me.

PERI
Right now Mr Darcy, I believe I could forgive you just about anything.

10: INT. STABLES

(FX: HORSES SHUFFLING)

TILLY
Please — choose your steed, Doctor Smith. That is, if you won't accept an invitation to stay for dinner-?

DOCTOR
Delightful as your company is, Miss Tilly, I do think we have exhausted my knowledge of the cross-stitch.
(SOTTO, INTO COMLINK) Cranton, am I ever getting access?

CRANTON
(D) Hang on-

TILLY
In that case, I must bid you a- [dieu.] (FX: ELECTRONIC HUMMING KICKS IN)

DOCTOR:
At last!

T.L.I.
(COLD, COMPUTER-LIKE) Accessing datacore. Processor loading. Please wait.

CRANTON
Couldn't very well do it in the grounds, could I? Give your young lady a fair old shock if she'd looked out and seen her sister turnin' blue and hoverin'.

T.L.I.
Interface ready.

DOCTOR
Please confirm datacore status.

T.L.I.
Operating within expected parameters.

DOCTOR
Request datacore source code.

T.L.I.
Security password required.

DOCTOR
(INTO COMLINK) Cranton, what's the password?

CRANTON
(D) Now, hold up. You're asking me to hand over the key to my livelihood. I can't just — (DISTRACTED) Oh. What's happening 'ere?

DOCTOR
Cranton, the password.

CRANTON
(D) There's code being pulled from the Hardy matrix. I can't see what's doing it.

DOCTOR
Hardy? You've got Thomas Hardy in here? We'll be lucky to get out alive.

11: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

MINDSMITH/DARCY
I am afraid I have another request, Miss Peri. You see, I cannot bear to count the days till you become Mrs Dar- (FX: ELECTRONIC HUM AS HE TRANSFORMS, STUTTERING:) … Dar- … Da— (NOW FULLY TRANSFORMED INTO D'URBERVILLE:) … d'Urberville.

PERI
(UNFAZED) I too cannot wait to take the — d'Urberville name.

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
So why wait?

PERI
What do you mean?

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
Come with me now. I have a parson at my disposal, and a bouquet can be plucked easily enough. (FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT) I see you have fine roses in your vase.

PERI
But would it be proper? To elope?

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
I always like to go at full gallop. There's nothing like it for raising your spirits.

PERI
How thrilling! But allow me at least to change. Wait here. (EXITS)

(FX: DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING)

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
(CALLING) Hurry, my beauty. (TO SELF, CRUEL) You shall be mine within the hour.

12: INT. STABLES

(FX: ELECTRONIC HUMMING)

T.L.I.
Datacore source: Askertan three-five-delta-five.

DOCTOR
(INTO COMLINK) You got this from Askertan? The Mindsmiths of Askertan? Well, that explains everything.

CRANTON
(VIA COMLINK) (CAGEY) How do you mean?

DOCTOR
The Mindsmiths were extremely adept at using mind-control technology on the battlefield. Possess half your enemy's forces and the fight's a formality. But you knew that, didn't you, Cranton?

CRANTON
(D) I was in the medical corps in the war of '27. Patched up those boys best I could, but they were never the same once the Mindsmiths had been at 'em. Took their souls.

DOCTOR
A dirty little war, as I recall. The Mindsmiths lost. Askertan was reduced to a burned-out wasteland.

CRANTON
I know. I helped mop up.

DOCTOR
Only you 'mopped up' a datacore. Which, for a mind-hopping alien facing planetary destruction, would serve very well as an escape capsule.

13: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

(FX: DRESSING-ROOM DOOR OPENING)

PERI
How do I look?

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
Ravishing.

PERI
Let me just get my hat. —

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
You look prettier with it off, if that's possible.

PERI
And Tilly. I can't go without Tilly. I just need to — (GRABBED) Ow! You're hurting my arm-!

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
(HOLDING PERI'S ARM) No more delays, my dear. I am most… determined.

14: INT. THE STABLES

(FX: ELECTRONIC HUMMING FROM T.L.I. THROUGH:)

CRANTON
(VIA COMLINK) You mean, there's a Mindsmith alive in my simulator?

DOCTOR
It would have barely existed till you built your scenarios. Gave it characters to play, and rules to play by. (BEAT) Of course! *Marriage-!*

CRANTON
What?

DOCTOR
Marriage, Cranton. In this nineteenth-century world, marriage entails ownership of a lady's entire person. It marries Peri in here: it takes her mind in the real world. It escapes.

15: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

(FX: PERI STRUGGLING WITH MINDSMITH)

PERI
Please, Mr d'Urberville. Stop…!

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
(MENACING) Come as you are or not at all. I would possess you. Now.

16: INT. CRANTON'S BOOTH

DOCTOR
(VIA COMLINK) Oh, Cranton. What on Earth possessed you to employ such dangerous technology?

CRANTON
The Colonial Marines don't go a bundle on pensions, Doctor. Just wanted something to see me right in my old age.

DOCTOR
(D) It's still looting. From a warzone. I've half a mind to hand you over to the authorities. Just bring me out now.

CRANTON
(D) I pull you out now and 'alf a mind is all you'll have. (FX: URGENT BLEEPS FROM OFF) Oh no. The young lady's vitals: they're spikin' all over the place. Something's happening…

17: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE (HOLDING ONTO STRUGGLING PERI)
I suppose I am a bad fellow — a damn bad fellow. I was born bad, and I have lived bad, and I shall die bad in all probability.

PERI (GRABBING VASE) (MODERN AMERICAN ACCENT HEREAFTER — FULLY HERSELF AGAIN) You can say that again, buster. You like the vase? Have it!

(FX: PERI SMASHES VASE OVER MINDSMITH'S HEAD)

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
(CRY OF PAIN) Attack me, would you, you… hussy? (SUDDENLY UNCONCERNED) No matter, my interest in you is waning.

PERI
(CONFUSED, WEAKENING) I… I don't know who you think you are but I… I (FX: COLLAPSES)

MINDSMITH/D'URBERVILLE
You've ideas above your station, girl. But also high-ranking connections. And they are even closer than I realised.

18: INT. STABLES

(FX: ELECTRONIC HUMMING)

CRANTON
(D) One other thing, Doctor. You know I said the comlink would shield you from the simulation?

DOCTOR
Ye-es?

CRANTON
(D) Well, er, you're sort of not. Shielded, I mean. Something's 'avin' a good go at your neural patterns. Really diggin' around in there.

DOCTOR
(SARCASTIC) Well, I wonder who that could be? Right, I need to get back to Peri. (BEAT) Er, Cranton… I can't move my legs?

(FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT & HUMMING CEASES)

TILLY
(NORMAL) Excuse me, Dr Smith. Peri needs me. (FX: HURRIES OFF)

DOCTOR
Now where's she off to?

CRANTON
(D) The T.L.I.'s tuned into Peri's psyche. She's still the customer, remember. That's good. Yes, I'm sure that's good. The T.L.I.'ll look after her. (BEAT) Oh, that's not good. More code being pulled. One of the Brontës this time.

DOCTOR
Can't you stop it? What's happened to Peri? Why can't I move? Wait. (DEADLY SERIOUS) Which Brontë?

19: INT. PERI'S BEDROOM

(FX: TIMID KNOCKING)

TILLY
(BEHIND DOOR) Peri? Peri? You called for me?

(FX: DOOR OPENING)

TILLY
(ENTERING) Are you asleep? Why are the curtains closed? I can't see a thing. (CROSSING ROOM) Let me just light the lamp. —

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(MENACING, YORKSHIRE ACCENT) Miss Tilly.

TILLY
(GASPS) Mr Heathcliff! You startled me standing there in the dark. I didn't know you were attending my sister this evening… Is she sleeping? She looks so peaceful there.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Indeed, she can rest in peace… for now. I have urgent business with Doctor Smith. You know where he is, child?

TILLY
At the stables, preparing to ride. If you hurry, you may catch him.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Oh, Miss Tilly, I shall catch him. Be sure of it.

20: INT. STABLES

(FX: COMLINK BEEPING)

DOCTOR
Cranton. Tell me what's happening, man.

CRANTON
(VIA COMLINK) It's not that easy. The link's — (FX: STATIC) Damn. Interference. Gonna have to recalibrate.

(FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT)

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(MATERIALISING) Leaving so soon, Doctor Smith?

DOCTOR
Ah. Mr… Heathcliff now, is it?

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
I'd have you stay and join me in a game of chance. We gentlemen can set aside our differences at the card table, can we not?

DOCTOR
What's it to be? Whist? Cribbage? Snap? No, your game's been Patience, hasn't it? You've been waiting a long time for a way out. But why now? Why Peri?

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Miss Brown is a well-travelled young lady, as you are well aware. But she does not concern me now. The fair sex have their uses, but a man has whole worlds of pleasures to indulge.

DOCTOR
Let's drop the pretence, shall we? I know full well what you are… Mindsmith! So: why don't you start by telling me your *real* name, hm…?

21: INT. CRANTON'S BOOTH

(FX: HUMMING MACHINERY; CROWD NOISES FROM OUTSIDE; TAPPING OF KEYS & BEEPS)

CRANTON
Doctor? Are you receiving me-? (BEAT) Nope, no good. Rescanning…

PERI
(WOOZY) Mr Darcy… d'Urberville… D-Doctor?

CRANTON
Hello there. Well, well, well, he's done it after all! Take it easy, miss. I'll get the headset off… (FX: DOES SO; LEADS ETC UNPLUGGED) Sit up slowly… that's it. Thought you was a goner there for a while.

PERI
Cranton? What did you do to [me?] (BREAKS OFF, SEES DOCTOR PLUGGED IN BESIDE) The Doctor! He's still plugged in!

CRANTON
It's alright, just a little technical difficulty… (FX: COMLINK BLEEPS) A-ha! I'm through to him now.

(FX: CROSS TO:)

22: INT. STABLES [CONTINUOUS]

CRANTON
(VIA COMLINK) Doctor, well done! Lovely job. Hold on, I'm getting you out.

DOCTOR
Cranton! What's happened? Is Peri safe?

CRANTON
(D) Yep, your young lady's awake.

DOCTOR
In which case: (TO MINDSMITH) Mr Heathcliff. I'm afraid I must decline your offer of a game.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Oh, Doctor. I must insist.

DOCTOR
Sorry, I really should be elsewhere. Now, if you'll excuse me-? (BEAT; INTO COMLINK) Cranton? (URGENT) Cranton, you can take me out now.

CRANTON
(D) Er… sorry Doctor, no can do. Seems the mind-link's frozen – just like before.

DOCTOR
Peri's free, but the Mindsmith's still active. It let her go… Now, why would you do that? Well, you wouldn't would you – not unless… (BEAT) Ah.

MINDSMITH
(FX: DEEP ALIEN VOICE) You asked me who I really am. I have lived so many lives, I have no need of a name. But soon, the universe will know me… as 'The Doctor.'

DOCTOR
Listen to me. Please. I can help.

MINDSMITH
You are helping already – by giving me your mind.

DOCTOR
(STRUGGLING TO MOVE) Peri was never your real target, was she?

MINDSMITH
A mere staging post, en route to a Time Lord. Your impression in her mind is strong. But now you have come to me. How convenient. (AS HEATHCLIFF) I see you are having some difficulty walking, Doctor. Allow me to assist.

(FX: SWIPE OF A CANE – THE DOCTOR FALLS AND GASPS WITH PAIN)

CRANTON
(D) (DESPERATELY) Doctor, can you hear me? I can't get you out. You're headin' into a coma! Brain function slowing – can you hear me?

PERI (D) Doctor, try to-

(FX: COMLINK CUT OFF WITH BEEP AND STATIC)

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Ah. Silence. At last. Now, Doctor Smith – you are mine!

23: INT. CRANTON'S BOOTH

(FX: HUMMING MACHINERY; CROWD NOISES FROM OUTSIDE)

PERI
I'll admit it's been a while since I read the book, but I'd completely forgotten the part where Mr Darcy turns out to be a mind-stealing alien parasite.

CRANTON
Accidents do happen, miss. A less sympathetic tradesman might point out you did sign the disclaimer.

PERI
Look, Mister Cranton, there are cops all over the Galaxy Fair. I'm happy to go call one. You've got to get the Doctor out of there.

CRANTON
No need for threats, miss. I will. And as a gesture of goodwill, I can also offer a partial refund.

PERI
Forget the money. Just get him out.

CRANTON
It'd cause permanent brain damage even if I could pull him out now. Which I can't. The Mindsmith has control of the psych-scape, and it's got your Doctor friend right where it wants him.

PERI
That's what it did to me. I remember it now… like a dream.

CRANTON
If we can load another scenario in keeping with this one, we might be able to manipulate the parameters. A bit. Loosen its grip.

PERI
What have you got?

(FX: TAPPING KEYS)

CRANTON
Just these. Not much call for anything else. My ladies were always 'appy with bonnets and balls.

PERI
Hold it, I've got an idea. It should fit the period. Get your scanner ready, Cranton.

CRANTON
Where are you going?

(FX: DOOR SWISH)

PERI
(DEPARTING) Our ship’s right outside. And there’s a book in the library that’ll change all the rules!

24: INT. DRAWING ROOM

DOCTOR
(SUDDENLY AWAKE) Where am I-? What's going on? (REACTING) Mr Heathcliff, sir! What's with all these papers…?

(FX: REAMS OF PAPER DUMPED ON TABLE)

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
In summary, Doctor. The game is lost. Your debts are mountainous. Your estates of Netherfield and Donwell are forfeit. As is the House of Tardis, and Lordship of… Time. (BEAT) Tardis, would that be up by Ilkley?

DOCTOR
(WEAK & DISTRACTED) These properties have been with me for so long… I can't help feeling there's something I'm forgetting…

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Just so long as you remember your name, you can make your mark here. And all will be mine.

(FX: DOOR FLUNG OPEN AS PERI ENTERS)

PERI
I wouldn't sign anything if I were you Doctor…

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Miss Brown, we have no need of you here. A mere woman has little understanding of these matters.

PERI
This 'mere woman' understands enough to know those deeds aren't worth the virtual paper they're written on.

DOCTOR
Miss Brown… Peri…?

PERI
Shame on you, Doctor. Conning poor Mr Heathcliff into thinking you're a man of means. When we both know the truth.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(QUIETLY) No…

PERI
And Mr Heathcliff, don't you think you should find out a little more about a girl before you go proposing? Like where I met Mrs Brown, maybe?

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(UNSURE) In the colonies, I understood. You were an orphan and she… she…

PERI
Missing a little backstory, huh? Well let me fill you in. Mrs Brown took me on in Virginia, to be precise. But not just as her ward. As her apprentice. Only I knew her as Moll. Moll Flanders. And she taught me everything I needed to know about finding a mark and fleecing him of every last dime.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(LOUDER) No.

PERI
And the Doctor, as you know, is a gambler. A risk-taker and habitual thrill-seeker. Oh, he might appear the upright pillar of society, but anyone who knows him at all can tell you he has a much more… questionable lifestyle.
(FX: RUSTLE OF PAPERS)
Here are the deeds to his properties, and the key to his manor.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Silence! To the devil with your clamour!

PERI
Here's your key, Doctor. Your-

DOCTOR
TARDIS key! Mr Heathcliff, I'm afraid it's true. I have been less than candid with you…

PERI
You see, Heathcliff, you can't win the Doctor's property. He already lost it. To me.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Had I been born where laws are less strict and tastes less dainty, I should treat myself to a slow vivisection of you two…

PERI
Nice. And before you get any other ideas, Heathcliff, Darcy – whatever your name is – the engagement's off.

DOCTOR
You can quote all the borrowed threats you like, Mindsmith. You've lost your power over us. (SOTTO) For now at any rate.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
But yet, you both remain. Have a care Doctor, Miss Brown. You shall not quit this place till my wishes are fulfilled.

(FX: SERVANTS' BELL RINGS)

PERI
That'll be mother.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
I understood Mrs Brown was… indisposed?

DOCTOR
What's the matter, Mindsmith? Losing track of your minor characters?

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS AS TILLY ENTERS)

TILLY
Peri, it's Mamma. I've never seen her so agitated.

(FX: BELL RINGS AGAIN)

TILLY
Mr Heathcliff, she is most eager to speak with you. She says to tell you, you may hear something to your advantage.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(SOTTO) A new mind. One with power…

TILLY
Dr Smith, Mamma is close to the end.

DOCTOR
I shall be there presently, Tilly. I just need a moment with your sister.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(LEAVING WITH TILLY) Make haste, Doctor, Peri, if you wish to say your farewells. Miss Tilly, direct me to your mother's chamber.

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AND DOOR AS TILLY & MINDSMITH EXIT)

DOCTOR
So, you can take the girl out of Baltimore – and, it seems, you can also take Baltimore out of the girl! Welcome back, Peri!

PERI
You too, Doctor.

DOCTOR
Daniel Defoe – an earthy but inspired selection. A near enough fit that the Mindsmith overlooked your rewriting of history. Miss Brown, I have to admit: I'm impressed.

PERI
Now I know you're not yourself.

DOCTOR
Fair's fair! You have saved my mind from oblivion and for that, the universe and I are extremely grateful. (BEAT) Although… was it absolutely necessary to besmirch my good name quite so much? Habitual thrill-seeker? Questionable lifestyle?

PERI
Just think of it as… dramatic licence.

DOCTOR
Well, I hope you've thought out your next move very carefully. Where next? To meet Moll Flanders, I presume?

PERI
Yep. Cranton's opened a maintenance window to disable the Mindsmith. Just wait till you get a load of the next chapter.

DOCTOR
Peri, our minds are in a very precarious position. The Mindsmith may be limited by the scenario in which it's forced to exist, but we are still trapped in its domain. We do not want to provoke it!

25: INT. MRS BROWN'S BEDROOM

(FX: CREAK OF DOOR AND FOOTSTEPS)

TILLY
Mother? I have Mr Heathcliff with me.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
(ATTEMPTING AN OLD WOMAN'S VOICE, BADLY) Tilly, my dear. Oh, and Mr Heathcliff, too. Step forward, sir, so I may look at you.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Mrs Brown? Forgive me, I didn't realise you were… awake, else I'd have paid my respects sooner.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Don't you worry, sir. I am not long for this world. (SOTTO – AS HIMSELF) About two minutes to be precise.

TILLY
Oh Mamma, no!

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Be strong, my dear, there are things you need to hear before I go. You and Mr Heathcliff. Is the Doctor here? And Peri?

(FX: FOOTSTEPS AS THE DOCTOR AND PERI ENTER)

DOCTOR
We're here… 'Mrs Brown'.

PERI
Mother.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Come closer, Dr Smith. I have some letters. Under my pillow.

DOCTOR
Lean forward, madam. (SOTTO) I do hope you know what you're doing, Cranton. You've singularly failed to inspire my confidence so far.

CRANTON
(SOTTO – AS HIMSELF) I've got maintenance access for another ninety seconds. I'll disable our friend, then I'm out and you two should be able to follow. Just play along.

DOCTOR
(ALOUD) I have the papers.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Here, Mr Heathcliff, you will find some correspondence between myself and your guardian, Mr Earnshaw. Along with his last will and testament.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
You said I would hear something to my advantage…

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Actually, I said you ‘may’. Then again, you may not.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
What is this charade?

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
You see, only now dare I own who I have been as well as who I am… You may know of Moll Flanders by reputation. Late of the colonies, funds were low. So my ward and I set sail for England, to embark once more upon my Criminal Career of Deception and Debauchery.

DOCTOR
(SOTTO) All right, don’t build up your part.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
In short, Mr Earnshaw and I were married, and I bore him another heir. His favoured child. As an attractive widow, I did not remain alone in my grief for long. I wed General Tilney soon after, he too was generous enough to change his will.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Tilney? Of Northanger Abbey?

PERI
Then there was old Mr Darcy of Pemberley.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
One o’mine.

PERI
Mr Rochester of Thornfield Hall.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
And ‘im. State of that attic!

DOCTOR
Sir Walter Elliot? Took very little ‘Persuasion’.

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
Indeed. ‘Ad ‘im twice!

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Enough! So you claim my estates are not my own? If you were not at death's door I'd throttle you myself…

CRANTON (AS MRS BROWN)
And with my dying breath, I bequeath all of my properties to… my dearest daughter Tilly. (SIGHS)

(FX: ELECTRONIC PHUT AS CRANTON EXITS)

TILLY
Mamma! No! (SOBS)

PERI
Tilly, I'm sorry. She's gone. As for you, 'Heathcliff' – you now have nothing, you own nothing and so you are nothing in this world. Even your name's stolen.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
Then so shall you all come to nothing. (FX: DEEP ALIEN VOICE) Initiate datacore wipe.

(FX: BACKGROUND ELECTRONIC HUM)

PERI
Doctor, Cranton's out – shouldn't we be too?

DOCTOR
Yes, I was rather afraid there'd be a twist in the tale. This is Mindsmith technology after all. It's rebooting the core. Wiping the entire psych-scape. Our minds included.

PERI
Isn't there anything we can do?

DOCTOR
Not we. But…

TILLY/T.L.I.
(COMMANDING) Excuse me, Mr Heathcliff. (BECOMING COLD, COMPUTER-LIKE) I think you'll find I am mistress of this house.

PERI
Way to go sister!

T.L.I.
Release psych-scape connections.

DOCTOR
Tilly! Just let me- (FX: TWO ELECTRONIC PHUTS)

TILLY
Goodbye, Doctor, and sister Peri. Husband or not, you have already made an excellent match. (FX: DISTORT) Suspend data wipe. Substitute matrix ‘Brontë, Emily’ with ‘Brontë, Charlotte’. Source: Jane Eyre. Burning of Thornfield Hall. Initiate destruct.

(FX: WHOOSH & CRACKLE OF FLAMES AS BEDCURTAINS SET ALIGHT)

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
What have you done, girl? The bedcurtains are alight!

(FX: MINDSMITH BEATING AT FLAMING CURTAINS)

TILLY
I have watched you from afar for so long, sir. But you have never felt the heat of my passion till now.

(FX: MORE CRACKLING AS FIRE SPREADS)

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
The fire… (COUGHING) How quickly it spreads. The door… Help me. (TILLY EMBRACES MINDSMITH) What? What are you doing? Unhand me, girl!

(FX: FIRE NOW RAGING AND BEAMS FALLING)

TILLY
Rochester escaped these flames — but you shall not. Feel them! They forge our fates together! Heathcliff, come to your Cathy.

MINDSMITH/HEATHCLIFF
(SHOUTING ABOVE NOISE OF INFERNO) I am… not… Heathcliff! I am not Rochester… (FX: DISTORTING INTO DEEP ALIEN VOICE) not d’Urberville, not Darcy… I… I… Who am I?

(FX: RAGING INFERNO & ROOM COLLAPSING)

26: INT. CRANTON'S BOOTH

(FX: ELECTRONIC SPARKING OF EQUIPMENT. CROWD NOISE OUTSIDE)

CRANTON
Look at it, Doctor. Ruined. The whole thing, burned out!

DOCTOR
A good thing too.

PERI
Poor Tilly.

CRANTON
It was just an A.I.

DOCTOR
Just an A.I.? I'll have you know, Tilly saved both Peri's mind and mine.

PERI
Isn't there anything we can do, Doctor? She seemed so real.

DOCTOR
I'm sorry, Peri. The datacore is just a lump of silicon now. There's nothing left.

CRANTON
What am I gonna do?

DOCTOR
Well, I think we've ruled out a career on the stage. Might I suggest you try working for a living? You're not without skills. It took some technical genius to do what you did. Even if the parts were stolen.

CRANTON
Thanks, Doctor. Miss Brown. I'll, er… see what comes up.

27: EXT. GALAXY FAIR

(FX: DOCTOR AND PERI WALKING THROUGH DOOR INTO BUSTLING CROWD ATMOS)

DOCTOR
(WALKING) 'To live in a perfectly new manner, if – in short, if anything turns up.' He really should have had some Dickens in there, you know.

PERI
(STOPPING) You're not gonna let him get away with it, are you? Cranton, I mean?

DOCTOR
I like to think that I'm some judge of character, Peri.

PERI
Well, you have always had 'the highest regard for my spirit'!

DOCTOR
Ah. Yes. (STOPPING. TENTATIVE) You… remember it all?

PERI
Every word, Doctor. In fact, I might just have to write it all down.

THE END

4: QUESTION MARKS

A ONE-PART ADVENTURE BY **PHILIP LAWRENCE**

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time traveller.

PERI: NICOLA BRYANT
Time traveller's companion.

DESTINY GRAY:
(F, 30s) Tough and independent Captain, who hides a more vulnerable side.

GREG STONE:
(M, 50s) Chief science officer. Patronising and arrogant. Doesn't much like taking orders.

ARNIE MCALLISTER:
(M, early 20s) Young and energetic cadet. Friendly, loyal and eager to follow orders.

DIRECTOR: KEN BENTLEY
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

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1: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: PERI FEELING HER WAY DOWN DARKENED CORRIDOR)

PERI:
Hello? Is there anyone there? Hello? It's so dark, I can't — [see] (FX: KICKING METAL WALL) Ow!

DESTINY:
(WOOZY, OFF) Over here.

PERI:
Is someone there?

(FX: CROSS TO WHERE DESTINY IS, TWENTY FEET AWAY)

DESTINY:
(CALLING) I said, over here-!

PERI:
(FX: RUNNING UP) Thank goodness! (STOPPING) Are you OK?

DESTINY:
I'm not hurt. I think.

PERI:
Don't try to move. There's blood on your face.

DESTINY:
Who are you-?

PERI:
It's alright. The cut's not deep. Reckon you must have hit it [on something] —

DESTINY:
(EMPHATICALLY) I'm not hurt! (BEAT) I asked you a question: Who are you?

PERI:
I don't know. I was kind of hoping you'd be able to tell me… (SEEING DESTINY'S NAME BADGE) Oh. *Captain.*

DESTINY:
'Captain'?

PERI:
It's on your name badge. 'Captain Destiny Gray'. I don't seem to have one. But we're wearing the same kind of jumpsuit. Am I part of your crew?

DESTINY:
I've no idea who you are.

PERI:
Where are we? Curved walls, not much light. But the heat, it's stifling.

DESTINY:
Stop babbling. (FX: DRAWS GUN) I want some answers from you, girl.

PERI:
Hey, there's no need for the gun.

DESTINY:
I was on the floor, unconscious. You said I'd been hit.

PERI:
I meant, you must have hit your head. On one of those girders, maybe. (BEAT) It's OK. I'm scared too.

DESTINY:
I'm not scared.

PERI:
Yeah, well – you're on the right side of the gun. (BEAT) Captain, please. Two people with amnesia – that's more than a coincidence, don't you think? Can't we assume we're on the same side?

DESTINY:
I'm assuming [nothing]

(FX: INTERRUPTED BY FIST ON METAL DOOR, SOME DISTANCE AWAY.)

DESTINY:
What was that? It sounded like it came from –

(FX: FIST ON METAL DOOR AGAIN, MORE URGENT.)

PERI:
… down there. Shall we go and see?

DESTINY:
You first.

2: INT. CONTROL ROOM

MCALLISTER:
(SIGHS) Oh, I just don't understand it, Mr Stone!

STONE:
Alright, Arnold. Let's start again. We're in some kind of control room. (FX: FLICK OF A SWITCH. ON, OFF, ON) Nothing's working, though. The circuits are all burned out.

MCALLISTER:
Do you think there could be other people here?

STONE:
I don't know. (MUSING) What do you suppose this central console's for?

MCALLISTER:
You're the science officer, you tell me. I'm just a cadet, it says so on my badge. — (WHICH MEANS…) Here, maybe we're on some kind of ship?

STONE:
Good thinking, lad. In which case, this wheel could be for…?

McALLISTER:
… navigation?

STONE:
Navigation, right! Memory's a funny thing, you know. The slightest thing can set it off. A sight, a smell.

MCALLISTER:
All I can smell is burnt plastic. It's stupid. I can remember these are monolinear computers. But as for what this place is, or who we are-

STONE:
One thing at a time, lad. One thing at a time. (MUSING) These cables here. All knotted together…

MCALLISTER:
I suppose they could be power lines.

STONE:
My thoughts exactly. If we can get this place powered up properly we'll be a step nearer to finding out who we are. Yes?

MCALLISTER:
(SALUTING) Yes, sir!

3: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: MUFFLED BANGS FROM BEHIND METAL BULKHEAD.)

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND BULKHEAD) Come on. Somebody! (BEAT) Please!

(FX: A FEW MORE THUMPS AS PERI AND DESTINY RUN UP)

PERI:
(STOPPING) There's someone behind this — I don't know, what's the word?

DESTINY:
Bulkhead.

PERI:
Yeah, bulkhead! (LOOKING IT OVER) Guess we turn this wheel to open it —

DESTINY:
No. Wait. Whoever it is in there might have been sealed up on purpose.

PERI:
What? You think they might be dangerous?

DOCTOR:
(FX: BANGING BEHIND BULKHEAD) I can hear you, you know. Let me out of here! Please!

PERI:
He doesn't sound so dangerous.

DESTINY:
You were right. Two of us with amnesia is quite a coincidence. What if it's a deliberate attack?

PERI:
So now we're on the same side?

DESTINY:
What if he did this to us?

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND DOOR) This is ridiculous. Think!

PERI:
(SOTTO) What's he saying?

DESTINY:
(SOTTO) Listen.

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND DOOR, TO HIMSELF) Try to remember something. Anything!

PERI:
Don't you get it? He's got no memories either. He's the same as us!

(BEAT)

DESTINY:
Alright. Open it. Slowly. I'll cover you.

(FX: WHEEL TURNED. METAL DOOR SWINGS OPEN, LIKE A GIANT SAFE)

PERI:
(NERVOUSLY) Hello.

DOCTOR:
Hello. Who are you?

PERI:
I wish I knew.

DOCTOR:
There's a lot of it about.

DESTINY:
Why were you behind the bulkhead?

DOCTOR:
I don't remember… (READING NAME BADGE) "Destiny"?

DESTINY:
Captain Gray, to you. Come here. (FX: DOCTOR MOVES FORWARD) *Slowly.*

PERI:
(TO DESTINY) What *is* he wearing?

DESTINY:
It's no kind of uniform, that's for sure.

DOCTOR:
It is a rather less drab outfit than yours, I must admit…

PERI:
I've just thought. Could this be a prison?

DESTINY:
What for? Clowns?

DOCTOR:
Now, let's take a look around, shall we? (MUSING) Oxygen ducts. Coolant pipes. Curved metal walls, with reinforced rivets to protect against pressure from above. And this heat… (HE'S WORKED IT OUT) Oh! Obvious, really.

DESTINY:
You know where we are?

DOCTOR:
I'd say we were miles underground. (MOVING OFF) Wouldn't you — Captain? (FX: CLANG, HEAD ON METAL.) Ow!

PERI:
Mind those girders.

DOCTOR:
(TARTLY) Yes. Thank you.

4: INT. POWER ROOM

(FX: McALLISTER AND STONE WALKING UP)

MCALLISTER:
The cables all seem to meet here, at this hub. (BEAT) Hey, they're labelled!

STONE:
Show me. (READING) Sensors… navigation… thrusters! You know what this means, lad?

MCALLISTER:
We *are* on a ship…!

STONE:
Ha!

(FX: THEY HIGH-FIVE. QUICK CROSS TO:)

5: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: PERI AND THE DOCTOR WALKING AHEAD OF DESTINY)

PERI:
(STOPPING) Hold up. I think I heard something…

DESTINY:
Keep going, you two.

PERI:
We'd go a lot quicker if only we had more light.

DOCTOR:
Oh, of course! One moment… (FX: RUMMAGING IN POCKETS)

DESTINY:
What are you up to now?

DOCTOR:
I went through my pockets, before you found me. Somewhere in here, I found… Aha! (FX: FUMBLING WITH PLASTIC TORCH. FLICK OF A SWITCH) Let there be light.

PERI:
A torch. Well, at least we won't have to worry about these girders anymore.

DESTINY:
(TO DOCTOR) What else have you got there?

DOCTOR:
All sorts. Ball of string, spare buttons… (SURPRISED) Oh, and this…!

(FX: SOFT TOY SQUEAK)

PERI:
A toy mouse?

DOCTOR:
(DEFENSIVELY) Well, perhaps I have a cat.

DESTINY:
Empty them out.

DOCTOR:
What for?

DESTINY:
Hidden weapons. Girl, hold the torch.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS) If I must. But I don't see how much harm I can do you with (GOING THROUGH POCKETS) (DISTASTE) … a half-eaten apple…

PERI:
Eurgh.

DOCTOR:
Hold that, will you? (FX: FLICKING PAPER) … a paperback book… (FX: BAG OF SWEETS) … a small paper bag containing… (SNIFFS) confectionery, or a… Hello, what *is* this?

PERI:
A circuit?

DESTINY:
Disconnected. Burned out. What's this for?

DOCTOR:
I don't know. Which part of 'I've lost my memory' are you not comprehending? I can no sooner tell you why *that's* in my pocket than I can tell you why I would choose to carry around a copy of…? (FX: CLICKING FINGERS AT PERI)

PERI:
Oh, right. (READING TITLE OF BOOK) 'Journey to the Centre of the Earth' by Jules Verne.

DOCTOR:
What?

(FX: POWER HUM RISES. PUMPING WATER IN PIPES. DISTANT ENGINE RUMBLE, SLOWLY RISING IN VOLUME.)

DESTINY:
The power's come on.

DOCTOR:
Indeed. (FX: SWITCHES OFF TORCH) At least we can see one another properly.

PERI:
Oh wow, your face-!

DOCTOR:
What about it? (TOUCHES HIS FACE, WINCES) Ah, tender!

PERI:
Well, you didn't get *that* from a girder.

DESTINY:
Those are knuckle marks. Somebody hit you.

DOCTOR:
Hit me-?

PERI:
(DRILY) Yeah, I can't imagine why.

(FX: JUDDERING IN FLOOR)

DESTINY:
Can you feel that?

DOCTOR:
Some sort of vibration, under the floor…

PERI:
It's getting stronger.

(FX: ENGINE RUMBLE LOUDER, FASTER. PIPES RATTLE.)

DOCTOR:
Get away from those pipes. Both of you! Quickly!

(FX: RIVETS BURST. JET OF STEAM.)

PERI:
Steam? Wow, that's scorching.

(FX: ANOTHER PIPE BURSTS, MORE STEAM)

DOCTOR:
The pressure's increasing. Well, don't just stand there. Come on!

(FX: THEY CLATTER ON)

6: INT. POWER ROOM

(FX: RATTLING, CLANGING, MUCH LOUDER)

MCALLISTER:
(SHOUTING OVER NOISE) It's like the room's spinning, Mr Stone!

STONE:
(DITTO, ALARMED) I don't like this, lad. We need to shut down that hub again. (ASKING FOR) Spanner. Spanner!

MCALLISTER:
Here!

(FX: AS BEFORE, BULKHEAD DOOR WHEELED OPEN, OFF)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) Through here, Captain! (FX: DESTINY CHARGES IN) You too, er… whatever your name is…

PERI:
(ENTERING) Just call me Mystery Woman, huh?

DESTINY:
Come on, help me seal the door!

(FX: SQUEAKING OF WHEEL. HEAVY DOOR SWINGS SHUT.)

DOCTOR:
Let's hope we're safe in here.

STONE:
We should be.

DOCTOR/PERI/DESTINY:
(GASPS IN SURPRISE)

STONE:
That's a blast shield.

DESTINY:
I'm Captain Gray. And who might you be?

STONE:
I'm Greg Stone, science officer.

DOCTOR:
And your friend is-?

MCALLISTER:
Cadet Arnold McAllister. (TO STONE) Does this mean you're not in charge any more, Mr Stone?

DESTINY:
Are you the ones that fixed the power?

DOCTOR:
You call this fixed? (READING LABELS ON HUB) Sensors… navigation… oh, and thrusters!

PERI:
We're in a ship, then?

DOCTOR:
Some kind of vessel, certainly.

STONE:
I managed to get power back to the hub, but…

DOCTOR:
Yes, but it's not controlled from here, is it? (LOOKING AROUND) It must be controlled from…

MCALLISTER:
There's a control room, through there.

DOCTOR:
Is there now-? (EXITS)

DESTINY:
Wait. Come back! (SIGHS) Cadet, remain here with this woman. I've not been able to ascertain her identity yet.

PERI:
Surely you don't still think — Oh, what's the use.

DESTINY:
Officer Stone, with me.

(FX: THEY EXIT INTO ADJACENT ROOM)

MCALLISTER:
(TO PERI) Looks like it's just you and me now.

PERI:
I guess.

7: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX. RATTLING METAL. ENGINE NOISE LOUDER. GROANING)

DESTINY:
(RUNNING IN) You! Get away from those controls!

DOCTOR:
(FX: FRANTIC SPINNING WHEEL) Ah, at last! This navigational wheel appears to be spinning out of control. (EFFORT) I can't seem to stop it. —

DESTINY:
(STEPPING FORWARD) Stone, help me grab it.

(FX: ALL WRESTLING WITH WHEEL. GEARS GRINDING.)

STONE:
It won't stop!

DOCTOR:
(RELAXING GRIP) So forget the wheel. Let's try shutting those thrusters down instead, hm?

DESTINY:
How-?!?

DOCTOR:
(LOOKING OVER CONSOLES) Look over all of the consoles. One of them must control the drive systems!

DESTINY:
Shields?

DOCTOR:
Try the next one.

STONE:
Ship schematics?

DOCTOR:
Interesting, but no. Next!

DESTINY:
Communications?

STONE:
Drive systems. It's here!

DOCTOR:
(RUSHING OVER) Well — pull the lever, then! I thought you were a science officer?

STONE:
Yes, but not a helmsman! (EFFORT – PULLS LEVER)

(FX: LEVER PULLED. ENGINES CONTINUE. SPARKS.)

DOCTOR:
Pull it!

STONE:
It's not working!

DOCTOR:
Destiny! Help me open this panel.

DESTINY:
What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:
Bypass the controls, obviously. (EFFORT)

(FX: METAL PLATE CLATTERS TO FLOOR)

DOCTOR:
Now then. Blue wire, red wire; pink, purple and green wires…

DESTINY:
You know which one to pull?

DOCTOR:
Not a clue. (CALLING) Any idea, Mr Stone?

STONE:
None whatsoever.

DOCTOR:
In which case – I'll just have to pull them all!

STONE:
(ALARMED) No – don't!

(FX: TUG ON WIRES. ELECTRIC SPARKS. EXPLOSIONS. GRINDING STOPS, THE SHAKING LESSENS)

DESTINY:
We're slowing.

DOCTOR:
Good job we kept our heads, don't you think?

8: INT. POWER ROOM

(FX: ENGINE NOISE SLOWS.)

PERI:
Is it me, or is it getting hotter? (BEAT) McAllister?

MCALLISTER:
Listen. They did it. We're slowing!

PERI:
Great.

MCALLISTER:
Call me Arnie. If you like. Not 'McAllister'. How come don't have a badge?

PERI:
Must have lost it while I was unconscious. Just my luck, huh?

(FX: SHIPWIDE GROAN OF METAL)

PERI:
What now?

MCALLISTER:
(NERVOUSLY) Perhaps… perhaps we should join the others.

9: INT. CONTROL ROOM

STONE:
All I ask, Captain, is that scientific and technical decisions are delegated to your accredited Science Officer – that is, to me – and not to this, this… whatever this is!

DOCTOR:
I'm not a "what", Mr Stone. I'm a "who".

DESTINY:
Yes, and it looks like you always were.

DOCTOR:
I'm sorry?

DESTINY:
The question marks? On your collar?

DOCTOR:
What question [marks?] – (LOOKING/NOTICING THEM FOR THE FIRST TIME) Oh. Oh, yes. How odd.

DESTINY:
Mr Stone. We have "Shields". Shields against what?

STONE:
It's hard to say –

DOCTOR:
(MUTTERED) Blast shields, obviously. –

STONE:
(PAINED) Captain-!

DOCTOR:
What can I say? I know a spaceship when I see one.

PERI:
(ENTERING) What happened to 'underground'?

DOCTOR:
Oh, it's you two. (PATRONISINGLY) Just keep up as best you can.

MCALLISTER:
(ENTERING) Hey, don't talk to her like that!

DOCTOR:
I was wrong, alright? It's a ship. (FX: SHIPWIDE METALLIC GROAN) A rather damaged and not particularly stable ship.

(FX: DEEP CLANGS.)

STONE:
Captain – the shields. (FX: BUTTONS PRESSED, MONITOR BLEEPS) According to the display, they're inoperable.

DOCTOR:
Where's the shield generator on that schematic? … I'll go and see what I can do.

STONE:
Again – Captain, that is my job!

DOCTOR:
Tell me, then, Mr Stone: how, exactly, does one set about reactivating a shut-down shield generator?

STONE:
You mean, you remember?

DOCTOR:
No. Do you?

DESTINY:
(DECISIVELY) I'm going with you, Question Marks.

STONE:
But –

DOCTOR:
(SMUG) Ha!

DESTINY:
While I'm gone – McAllister, check the communications array, see if you can work out how to send a distress signal. Stone, try to fix our position. (AS SHE AND DOCTOR EXIT:) Come on, Question Marks. I want to keep my eye on you…

PERI:
Good to see them working together.

STONE:
Between the cut on her head and the bruise on his face there's obviously been some altercation. I wonder if they're married?

10: INT. CORRIDOR

(FX: FADE UP)

DOCTOR:
(WALKING TO STOP) One moment, Captain –

DESTINY:
Why've you got your ear to the wall? Can you hear something?

DOCTOR:
No. The thing is, I'm still not entirely convinced we're on a spaceship.

DESTINY:
You have trouble admitting when you're wrong, don't you?

DOCTOR:
I may not remember exactly who I am, but I'm sure I'm not used to being wrong.

(FX: TAPS THE WALL, DULL SOUND)

DOCTOR:
There's something solid beyond these walls. The acoustics are all wrong. (SINGS EXPERIMENTALLY – A BURST OF MOZART, *NON PIÙ ANDRAI* [*THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO*]:) *Delle belle turbando il riposo/ Narcisetto, Adoncino d'amor.*

DESTINY:
(LAUGHS) You really are a strange one.

DOCTOR:
Funny the things we can recall. As if there are basic skills and knowledge ingrained within us. I wonder if I'm some kind of Opera Maestro…?

DESTINY:
Diva, more like. Do you think that's true?

DOCTOR:
You heard that vibrato.

DESTINY:
Not that. Basic skills and knowledge, being ingrained?

DOCTOR:
Well, it's a theory.

DESTINY:
I hope so. I don't know how I'm going to save everyone otherwise.

DOCTOR:
You're not alone you know.

DESTINY:
Really? This badge says I'm the Captain. That means it's my responsibility to get us all home, safe. Wherever home is.

DOCTOR:
Come on. The generator's this way.

(FX: THEY EXIT)

11: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: COMPUTER BLEEPS. COMMUNICATOR WHISTLE. FAIL BUZZ)

MCALLISTER:
I'm getting no joy from here. I'll have to go to the communications room.

PERI:
Where's that?

MCALLISTER:
According to the schematic – down the corridor and up a bit.

(FX: STONE THUMPS CONSOLE)

STONE:
Damn it. I can't get anything on this.

PERI:
(SOTTO, TO MCALLISTER) Don't leave me with old grumpy there.

MCALLISTER:
Sorry. I'll be quick. (EXITS)

PERI:
What's up, Mr Stone?

STONE:
I'm finding only internal sensors. No indication of what's outside. (BEAT; REALISATION) Of course-!

PERI:
Of course what? What's the graph mean?

STONE:
It's telling me a wave of energy passed through the ship about twenty minutes ago.

PERI:
What? Is that what wiped our memories?

STONE:
Well, it can't be a concidence, can it?!? But it still doesn't tell me what's outside.

PERI:
I was thinking: if we're in space, why's it so hot?

STONE:
We could be drifting into a star for all we know. If only we could see out.

PERI:
There's a great metal hatch in the ceiling. For all we know, it's covering a porthole.

STONE:
(PATRONISINGLY) Don't you mean a viewport-?

PERI:
I… I'll just go and see how Arnie's getting on.

(FX: EXITS)

12: INT. SHIELD GENERATOR ROOM

(FX: RANDOM ELECTRONIC BLEEPS)

DESTINY:
(WALKING UP) Is this it, Question Marks?

DOCTOR:
One shield generator, yes.

DESTINY:
Should all that wiring be exposed like that?

DOCTOR:
I shouldn't think so. Look, there are bits of it missing!

DESTINY:
Sabotage?

DOCTOR:
Done a hurry, certainly, judging by the way these circuits have been left hanging. Mindless vandalism!

DESTINY:
It wasn't random. These wires have been deliberately cut, see?

DOCTOR:
So they have.

DESTINY:
… and I've seen this kind of circuit before.

DOCTOR:
You have? Where?

DESTINY:
In your pocket. Have you still got it?

(FX; DOCTOR FUMBLES IN POCKET, TAKES OUT COMPONENT)

DOCTOR:
Here. I'm sure these things are universal. It could have come from anything.

(FX: COMPONENT PLUGS IN)

DESTINY:
Then why does your circuit fit perfectly into this recess?

DOCTOR:
I… can't explain.

DESTINY:
Even the cut wires match up.

DOCTOR:
Why would I sabotage the shields? And where are the other missing circuits?

DESTINY:
I don’t know. But whether you remember or not is irrelevant. This “mindless vandalism” was done by you!

13: INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

(FX: WARBLY BLEEPS AND STATIC.)

PERI:
(OFF) Arnie? Are you there?

MCALLISTER:
Up here!

PERI:
(ENTERING) Hi.

MCALLISTER:
Come to keep me company?

PERI:
I'm not sure Mr Stone likes me very much.

MCALLISTER:
Well, I like you. (AWKWARD LAUGH)

PERI:
(NERVOUS LAUGH) Any luck?

MCALLISTER:
I've got a channel open, but the screen's just fuzz.

PERI:
Stone thinks some sort of energy wave might have wiped our memories.

MCALLISTER:
Guess if we've worked out the cause, we can find the cure.

PERI:
I hope so. I don't want to be known only as Mystery Woman for the rest of my days. I'd like my old life back now, thanks.

MCALLISTER:
I wonder what we were like? In our old lives, our ordinary remembering lives?

PERI:
Maybe we hated each other.

MCALLISTER:
Or maybe we were…

PERI:
… were what?

MCALLISTER:
You [know] — (BREAKS OFF, SEEING) Oh my God!

PERI:
What is it? Arnie?!?

MCALLISTER:
By your feet. Behind that transmitter column. Don't look.

PERI:
Why? — (SHE LOOKS) Oh!

MCALLISTER:
Is he dead?

PERI:
I don't know, I'm not a nurse!

MCALLISTER:
Well, kick him.

PERI:
Yeah, I know enough to know that's not how you do it. (BEAT)
There's no blood, but… yeah, I'm pretty sure.

MCALLISTER:
Poor guy. Whoever he was.

PERI:
(READING BADGE) 'Andrew Jameson. Communications officer.'

MCALLISTER:
You alright?

PERI:
I guess. I don't know if I've seen a dead body before.

MCALLISTER:
Me neither. It's OK.

PERI:
No, it's not. What if… what one of us killed him? Arnie?

14: INT. CONTROL ROOM

(FX: COMPUTER BLEEPS. DOOR OPENS.)

DESTINY:
(SHOVING DOCTOR) Get in there, Question Marks.

DOCTOR:
Captain, there's no need to push.

DESTINY:
Officer Stone, any news?

STONE:
As it happens – I've found the viewport control.

DESTINY:
Viewport? What viewport?

(FX: POSITIVE BLEEP. GRINDING METAL)

DOCTOR:
That viewport. Up there.

(FX: SUGGESTION OF BUBBLING MAGMA BEYOND EXPOSED GLASS)

DESTINY:
Is that… lava?

DOCTOR:
Red-hot magma. Around a ship with no shields. No wonder it's warm in here.

DESTINY:
You were right, Question Marks.

DOCTOR:
It's no comfort.

(FX: COMMUNICATOR WHISTLE.)

MCALLISTER:
(SMALL LOUDSPEAKER) Cadet McAllister to control room. Come in, please.

DESTINY:
Where's that coming from-?

STONE:
Comms array.

MCALLISTER:
(D) Repeat, McAllister to [Control Room] —

DESTINY:
Captain Gray, receiving. Did you get a signal out, Cadet?

MCALLISTER:
(D) Not yet, there's just static.

DOCTOR:
No surprise there, with a sea of magma above us.

MCALLISTER:
(D) There's something else. A body. Someone named Jameson. He's dead.

DESTINY:
Murdered?

MCALLISTER:
(D) Can't tell.

DOCTOR:
I don't like the way you're looking at me, Captain.

DESTINY:
Guilty conscience? Did he catch you at the shield generator, Question Marks? Give you that bruise?

DOCTOR:
So — what? I dragged his body all way to the communications room, then locked myself behind a bulkhead?

STONE:
Or maybe the rest of us locked *you* behind the bulkhead because you killed this 'Jameson'?

(FX: DRIP, FIZZ)

DESTINY:
Wait here, Stone. Keep an eye on him. (EXITING) I'm going to check on this body.

(FX: WHEEL TURNING, OFF. LOCKS. SIMULTANEUS DRIP, FIZZ.)

DOCTOR:
What was that-?

STONE:
The Captain just locked us in here.

DOCTOR:
No, not that —

(FX: DRIP, FIZZ)

DOCTOR:
That. (LOOKING AROUND) It's coming from over… here.

(FX: DRIP, FIZZ. CONTINUES THROUGH:)

STONE:
A puddle. Must be a leaky pipe somewhere.

DOCTOR:
Don't touch it! That's not water, it's plastic. Molten plastic!

STONE:
From where?

DOCTOR:
Look up, Mr Stone.

STONE:
The viewport! It's melting…!

(FX: WARNING KLAXON BEGINS TO SOUND THROUGH:)

DOCTOR:
The shields are down. The magma's getting in!

(FX: CRACK OF GLASS ABOVE)

STONE:
It's cracking!

DOCTOR:
Close the hatch, man. Hurry!

(FX: CLICK, GRIND, JUDDERS)

STONE:
It's stuck! It won't move!

DOCTOR:
And we're locked in. (INTO COMMS) Cadet McAllister. Arnie. Tell the Captain —

(FX: A BIG CRACK. LAVA SPURTS FROM ABOVE, SHOWERING COMMS)

STONE:
Look out above you!

(FX: HISSING, FIZZING. COMMS PANEL SPARKS)

DOCTOR:
Well, so much for the comms.

STONE:
What do we do now-?

DOCTOR:
Improvise! (RUSHING TO ONE SIDE) Help me free this coolant duct.

(FX: HAND BANGING METAL PIPE)

STONE:
What are going to do? Freeze lava with coolant?

DOCTOR:
We can clear a path around us, at least!

(FX: CUT TO:)

15: INT. CORRIDOR/CONTROL ROOM

PERI:
(RUNNING UP) You locked them in there? Destiny?

DESTINY:
(STOPPING, TURNING WHEEL) Leave this to me, girl.

(FX: WHEEL TURNED, DOOR SWUNG OPEN. SOUNDS OF LAVA, SPRAYING FROM INSIDE)

DESTINY:
Oh my goodness —

PERI:
That's what the alarm was for!

STONE:
(RUNNING TO DOOR) Captain! The viewport's cracked! The magma's —

DESTINY:
Just get through here, Mr Stone!

PERI:
(CALLING) Question Marks! Hurry!

DOCTOR:
(OFF) I am hurrying-

(FX: DOOR SLAMS, WHEEL TURNED)

PERI:
What are you doing? You can't shut him in there!

STONE:
That's liquid lava! Captain!

DESTINY:
I told you he doesn't belong here.

(FX: DOCTOR BANGING ON DOOR)

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND DOOR) Please, Destiny! This isn't fair!

DESTINY:
No, Question Marks. You sabotaged the shield generator.

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND DOOR) If I did… I'm sure I had a reason.

DESTINY:
And Jameson? Did you have a good reason for shooting him?

PERI:
Please, Captain. We may not remember exactly who we are, but I won't believe that we're inhuman-!

DESTINY:
I've worked it out. Question Marks was found by Jameson, so he shot him. We locked him up, and took the gun. *This* gun.

(FX: CROSS TO OTHER SIDE OF DOOR:)

DOCTOR:
What, the one you've been carrying? Well, there's no way anyone was shot with that!

DESTINY:
(BEHIND DOOR) You don't know that.

DOCTOR:
I do. Because it isn't a gun.

DESTINY:
(BEHIND DOOR) What?

DOCTOR:
It's just a tool. A laser pointer. I realised some time ago — you're not soldiers, you're scientists. This is a research ship.

(FX: CROSS BACK TO OTHER SIDE OF DOOR:)

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND DOOR) I daresay you were studying this magma, which right now I'm studying a little too closely for comfort, so if you wouldn't mind —

PERI:
Open the door, Captain! Now!!!

(FX: WHEEL TURNS. DOOR OPENS. BUBBLING LAVA AND SMOKE. EXPLOSIONS. SPARKS.)

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) Thank you.

PERI:
Any time.

(FX: DOOR SHUTS. WHEELED LOCKED)

STONE:
We've lost the control room. What now?

DOCTOR:
The bulkhead should give us a few minutes.

PERI:
And then-?

DESTINY:
Back to the comms room. Hurry!

(FX: ALL RUN)

16: INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

(FX: KLAXON CONTINUES. RUMBLES. CREAKS)

MCALLISTER:
Mayday, mayday. Can anyone hear me? Mayday, mayday. — Oh, what's the point?

(FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS, OFF)

DESTINY:
(ENTERING) Girl, Question Marks, Stone, inside.

PERI:
(ENTERING) Arnie!

(FX: DOOR SLAMS, WHEELED SHUT)

MCALLISTER:
Thank goodness you're alright —

(FX: KLAZON CUTS OUT. POWER HUM LOWERS)

STONE:
The alarm's cut out.

DESTINY:
Yes, and the lights are fading.

DOCTOR:
Which means, the magma's reached the power cables.

(FX: BACKWARDS POP — STONE WINKS OUT OF EXISTENCE, UNNOTICED.)

DOCTOR:
We don't have much time. Destiny, do you still have that component from the shields?

DESTINY:
Here.

DOCTOR:
You got me thinking, Captain. What possible reason could I have for removing it?

PERI:
Well?

DOCTOR:
I think it could be used to create a matter field. A shield around us.

PERI:
To protect us from the lava?

DOCTOR:
More than that. Coupled with the communications booster here it might be possible to transmit everything in that field up to the surface.

DESTINY:
Rig up a transmat you mean?

MCALLISTER:
That's crazy!

PERI:
Yes, but could it work?

(FX: DESTINY HANDLING THE CIRCUIT.)

DESTINY:
This circuit's heavily charred.

DOCTOR:
I might be able to bypass the damaged areas.

DESTINY:
How?

DOCTOR:
In case you hadn't noticed, I appear to be possessed of a superior intellect. Stone, help me open that hatch down to the transmitter. — (BEAT) Stone? Where's he gone?

DESTINY:
He's over… oh.

MCALLISTER:
He was here a second ago.

PERI:
He can't have left this room!

(FX: EXPLOSION OFF. ATMOSPHERE DIES DOWN AND UP.)

DOCTOR:
Worry about him later.

(FX: LIFTING METAL PLATE AND TOSSING IT ASIDE)

DOCTOR:
Destiny, with me. I might need your tool.

(FX: DOCTOR'S STEPS GOING DOWN A LADDER. DESTINY FOLLOWS. SPARKS. CRUNCHING METAL.)

PERI:
Arnie, we haven't got much longer. I was wondering: would it be alright to… hold me?

17: INT. TRANSMITTER MAINTENANCE ROOM

(FX: HUM OF THE COMMUNICATIONS TRANSMITTER)

DOCTOR:
(BOUNDING UP) Captain, pull those cables. I'll have to insert this component between the transmitter and the emergency power cells.

DESTINY:
Someone's beaten us to it. Look at this lot.

DOCTOR:
Those are the other shield generator components.

DESTINY:
All charred. They're in a worse state than your one.

DOCTOR:
They've blown. Must have been a power surge in the transmitter coil.

DESTINY:
That's where Jameson was found. Did it electrocute him, I wonder…?

DOCTOR:
And wipe our memories in the process? It makes [no sense.]

(FX: SHORT BACKWARDS POP FROM ABOVE.)

PERI:
(SCREAMS FROM ABOVE)

DOCTOR:
The girl?

DESTINY:
(CALLS) What is it? What's going on up there?

PERI:
(CLIMBING DOWN LADDER) It's Arnie.

DESTINY:
What?

PERI:
McAllister. He, he's gone.

DOCTOR:
Gone? Gone where?

PERI:
He just, just —

DOCTOR:
He left the room?

PERI:
He disappeared. Vanished!

DESTINY:
People don't just vanish.

PERI:
I tell you, he did! He just turned into air. He was in my arms, I felt him — go…

DOCTOR:
First Stone, now McAllister?

(FX: SOMETHING FUSES. POWER HUM DIES DOWN.)

DESTINY:
The lights!

DOCTOR:
That's it. Main power's gone.

PERI:
I can see something glowing. Along that conduit, there!

DOCTOR:
Lava. It's seeping along the vents.

DESTINY:
(GASPING) It's getting harder to breathe.

PERI:
(GASPING) Good news, at last. Guess I'd rather suffocate than be boiled to de-[ath.]

(FX. BACKWARDS POP AS PERI DISAPPEARS BEFORE THE DOCTOR AND DESTINY'S EYES.)

DESTINY:
What? Where did she go?

DOCTOR:
She just… went.

DESTINY:
One second she was there, the next…

DOCTOR:
Destiny. The lava's rising. We have to get out of here.

DESTINY:
But…

DOCTOR:
Up that ladder, now!

(FX: PANICKED STEPS UP THE LADDER. LAVA SPURTS IN. MELTING METAL. SPARKS. CONTINUES INTO:)

18: INT. COMMUNICATIONS ROOM

(FX: STATIC. LAVA GLOOPS, OFF.)

DESTINY:
(COUGH, ENTERING) Now what?

DOCTOR:
(ENTERING) That was our only chance.

DESTINY:
Question Marks, look at the screen. There's a signal!

REAL PERI:
(ON COMMUNICATOR) Hello? Is anyone there?

DESTINY:
It's the girl. She must have beamed out.

(FX: GRINDING METAL ALL AROUND. COMMINICATOR WHISTLE)

DESTINY
Girl, help us.

REAL PERI:
(D) Destiny? Is that you?

DOCTOR:
That's not possible.

REAL PERI:
(D) Doctor, you did it! It's coming through!

DESTINY:
Question Marks… look!

DOCTOR:
Yes. That's me.

DESTINY:
How can you be both there, and here?

DOCTOR:
Of course. The evidence was staring us in the face.

DESTINY:
What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:
The failing ship, the butchered shield generator, the blown transmitter coil.

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) I'm so sorry, Doctor, Destiny. As you can see, we already beamed out.

DESTINY:
But this is madness! We're still here.

DOCTOR:
No. We're copies. Aren't we, Doctor?

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) I'm afraid so. Mayfly copies created by an unstable transmat device.

DESTINY:
But I'm real. I'm here. I can think. I can feel.

DOCTOR:
No. We're just partial traces. Echoes. —

(FX: BACKWARDS POP)

DESTINY:
Question Marks? Not you, as well!

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) I'm sorry, Destiny. I didn't believe any of you would last more than a few moments. But then we caught a trace of your signal, which I was able to patch through my TARDIS.

(FX: CRUNCHING, RENDING METAL.)

DESTINY:
Your what-? Please, you have to get me out of here!

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) You're already out of there, Destiny. You, Mr Stone, Cadet McAllister. All safe and sound.

DESTINY:
What about Jameson? Is Jameson there too?

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) Don't worry. His sacrifice was not in vain.

DESTINY:
Sacrifice?

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) We knew that someone had to stay behind, to hit the switch and activate the process. Jameson took it upon himself. He whacked you over the head with a sonic wrench and shut me

behind a sealed bulkhead. We transmatted out of those exact positions, which is why our copies… well.

DESTINY:
And the girl?

DOCTOR:
Peri, you mean? She's with me. We're travellers. My ship materialised aboard your vessel. She was engulfed by lava when your shields failed, causing her displacement system to send her to the surface, leaving the pair of us behind. Not that any of that matters now.

DESTINY:
Who are you, Question Marks?

REAL DOCTOR:
(D) Your friend.

(FX: CROSS DIRECTLY TO:)

19: INT. SOMEWHERE ABOVE GROUND

(FX: DESTINY'S VOICE NOW ON RADIO)

DESTINY:
(D) I'm scared, Question Marks.

REAL DOCTOR:
I know.

DESTINY:
(D) Talk to me. Please. I don't want to die, not on my own.

REAL DOCTOR:
I'm not going anywhere, Destiny.

DESTINY:
(D) You're travellers, right? You and Peri. Tell me about that. Where did you come from? Where are you going?

REAL DOCTOR:
Well – not so very long ago, Peri and I were at the 2351 Galaxy Fair. (FX: IN B/G, DESTINY POPS OUT OF EXISTENCE) Before that, on the lost planet Sendosa. And before that, at the court of King Henry the Eighth, would you believe…?

(FX: STATIC OVER RADIO)

Destiny? Are you there? Are you receiving me? Destiny?

(FX: STATIC. THEN CUT TO END THEME)

THE END